DO NOT DELAY

But call and examine our stock of Flour, Feed Bran, Pork, Sugar and Tea at prices never heard of before. 3 lbs dn't tea for 25c. All goods warranted to give satisfaction or will cheerfully refund the money. GEO I HAM west of 7 cent store.

NAPANEE

$1.00 Per Annum, Strictly in Advance.

J. C. DREWRY, Proprietor. NAPANEE, ONT., FRI

TO RENT.

The undersigned offers to rent his farm, near Newburgh. There is a good comfortable dwelling house on the place. Apply to
5288tf DR. GRANT, Napanee.

TEACHER WANTED.

For S. S. No. 17, Ernesttown. Apply to
A. M. SCOUTEN,
Secretary-Treasurer,
5288c THORPE P. O.

MONEY TO LOAN.

AT LOWEST RATES.

HERRINGTON & WARNER,
2 8881y Barristers, Napanee

THE BRISCO HOUSE,

NAPANEE.

The best dollar-a-day house in Eastern Ontario. Good sheds and stabling. First-class meals.
C. A. CORNELL,
4288 PROPRIETOR.

F. X BEZO,
MANUFACTURER OF
TENTS AWNINGS, HAMMOCKS, WATERPROOF HORSE AND WAGON COVERS, BOAT SAILS, ETC.
881mtf SOUTH NAPANEE

TO LET.

Stores, Hall and Offices with vaults to let in Rennie Block, Napanee, now ready for occupation and will be rented at moderate rents.
Apply to JOHN RENNIE,
4588dtf 30 Adelaide street, East, Toronto,
Or to LAHEY & MCKENTY, Napanee.

SHINGLES.

Parties about to reshingle their outbuildings and in want of a cheap grade of shingles, would do well to give us a call. We have extra good values to offer.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
2788atf Napanee Agency.

FOR SALE.

The pure bred Holstein Friesian Bull, Facinto, No 6502, calved April 23rd, 1887. This bull is beautifully marked and closely related to families of high milking qualities. This bull is a sure getter and of kind disposition.
W. H. CADMAN,
288 Adolphustown.

FOR SALE.

6,000 Hop Poles

Nearly as good as new, only having been in use about four years. Apply to
GEO. MADDEN,
5288d NAPANEE MILLS

THE "BON TON"

Hair Dressing Parlor,

OF NAPANEE.

Having bought out the Hair Dressing Room of Mr. James Miller I am prepared to wait

OPERA HALL, NAPANEE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1888.

PECK & FURSMAN'S

MAMMOTH SPECTACULAR

Uncle Tom's Cabin Company !

As performed 100 Nights in New York City. Produced with New and Realistic Scenery, New and Correct Costumes, Elaborate Properties and Appointments, Appropriate Music, Characteristic Songs, Choruses and Dances.

GRAND SPECIALTY OLIO

THE GREAT FLOATING ICE SCENCE.

Exciting Steamboat Race on the Mississippi, the grand allegorical tableau, "The Gates Ajar," and every accessory that can give picturesque effects and brilliant scenes.

☞Grand Free Street Parade at noon, worth going miles to see.

General admission, 35 cents ; reserved seats, 50 cents ; children, 25 cents.

Reserved Seats now on sale at J. J. Perry's Drug Store.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF JEREMIAH PERRY, OF THE TOWN OF NAPANEE, IN THE COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON, FARMER.

The above-named insolvent, Jeremiah Perry has made an assignment to me of his estate and effects in pursuance of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 124, in trust for the benefit of his creditors.

A meeting of the creditors of the said Jeremiah Perry will be held at my office,

At the Court House, in the Town of Napanee,

—ON—

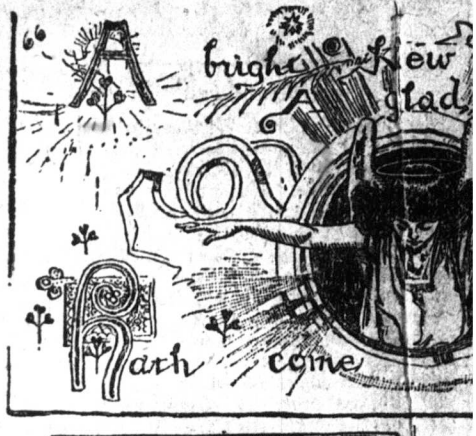
Saturday, December 29, 1888,

At the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the appointing of inspectors, and the giving of directions for the disposal of the estate.

Creditors are required to file their claims against the said estate with me, duly verified by affidavit, on or before the day of such meeting, as provided by the said statutes.

O. T. PRUYN,
Sheriff Co. Lennox and Addington,
ASSIGNEE.
Dated at Napanee, Dec. 18, 1888.

N. T. & Q. R. R.



FRAGMENTS.

THE NEW YEAR.

What is this fair New Year?
A flower that dropt from the bier
Where the Old Year lay, ere Time bore him away
To the Ages' tomb—with a tear.
—Unidentified.

IN OLDE ENGLAND.

This is Newe Yeare's day,
whereon to every friend

Having bought out the Hair Dressing Room of Mr. James Miller I am prepared to wait upon customers in my line.
Ladies' Hair Cutting and Trimming a Specialty.

E. VANALSTINE,
Late of the Arcade Tonsorial Parlors, Toronto

JAMES AYLSWORTH,

Clerk, 7th Division Court,
(County of Lennox and Addington,)
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER, etc., IN H.C.J.,
Insurance, Money Lending and General Business Agent.
TAMWORTH, ONT.

Noted for promptness and reliability.—Patronage solicited. 4587ly

HOUSE PAINTING
BY
S. W. PRINGLE
PAINTING AND GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, KALSOMINING, GLAZING, ETC.

First-class workmen. Prompt service and moderate charges.

249 Centre street, - NAPANEE, ONT.
881y

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next sitting, for an Act to confirm in all respects a certain agreement between the Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec Railway Company, the Kingston & Pembroke Railway Company, and the Corporation of the City of Kingston, respecting the use by the Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec Railway Company of a certain part of the Kingston & Pembroke Railway Company's line and business facilities on the terms therein set forth, and also with regard to the bonus voted by the Corporation of the City of Kingston to the Napanee & Tamworth Company on the terms and conditions therein set forth, and for other purposes.

Also, that an application will be made to the Ontario Legislature, at its next session, for an Act for the above purposes, and also to extend the benefit of a certain agreement between the last named company and the said corporation as to the rate to be charged for the carriage of cordwood to all persons who may be injured or damnified by a breach thereof, and to declare said agreement binding on the successors, lessees and assigns of the said Company, and on any Railway Company with which it may amalgamate or form a part.

JAMES AGNEW,
of the City of Kingston.
Solicitor for the Applicants.
Dated this 21st Dec., 1888. 488h

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF ROLLINS HATE PETERS, OF THE TOWNSHIP OF CAMDEN, MERCHANT.

The above named insolvent, Rollins Hate Peters, has made an assignment to me of his estate and effects in pursuance of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 124, in trust for the benefit of his creditors.

A meeting of the creditors of the said Rollins Hate Peters, will be held at my office,

At the Court House, in the Town of Napanee,

—ON—

Saturday, December 29, 1888,

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the appointing of inspectors and the giving of directions for the disposal of the estate.

Creditors are required to file their claims against the said estate with me, duly verified by affidavit, on or before the day of such meeting, as provided by the said statute.

O. T. PRUYN,
Sheriff Co. Lennox and Addington,
ASSIGNEE.

Dated at Napanee, Dec. 18, 1888.

N. T. & Q. R. R.

New Year's Excursion!

Jan. 1st, 1889, to

NAPANEE

Trains will leave		Return fare
Tamworth,	7.15 a.m.	50 cents
Enterprise,	7.35 a.m.	45 cents
Moscow,	7.50 a.m.	40 cents
Yarker,	8.05 a.m.	35 cents
Camden East,	8.20 a.m.	30 cents
Newburgh,	8.30 a.m.	25 cents
Napanee Mills,	8.35 a.m.	20 cents
Napanee (arrive)	8.50 a.m.	

Returning, leave Napanee at 5.10 p.m.

Return fares to and from all other points along the line on New Year's Day, (Jan. 1st, 1888), will be at single fare rate. Also single fares will be given on Monday, 31st December, good to return till January 2nd, 1889, inclusive.

H. B. SHERWOOD,
Gen. Pass. Agent.

Municipal Election,

1889.

To the Electors of West Ward:

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of a number of my friends, I have decided to run for Councillor for 1889. If elected, I will do my best for the interest of Napanee I respectfully solicit your vote and influence. Yours respectfully,

CHAS STEVENS.

Important Sale

OF VALUABLE

Household Furniture!

MRS. MILLS has concluded to sell her furniture instead of moving it to California. The furniture is all new and of the latest styles, and is now stored at the residence of W. S. Williams, Napanee. It consists of Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Sideboards, Carpets, etc.

Call at the residence of W. S. Williams, Thomas street, Napanee.

All will be sold cheap for cash, 488atf

C. D. WARTMAN, L. D. S.
Graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, On
OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK,
Dundas St., Napanee.

To the people in the County of Lennox and Addington whom he has served in the past he returns his sincere thanks for their favors, and solicits a continuance of their patronage.

The new local anæsthic, Hydrochlate of Cocoane, used. It quite relieves pain in extracting teeth

☞ Will be absent from the office the first Monday and Tuesday in each month—these being the days of his visits to Tamworth. Rooms at Wheeler's hotel.

He will also be absent from his office in Napanee Monday and Tuesday of each week. 2288ly

This is Newe Yeare's day,
whereon to every friend
They costly presents in do bring
and New Yeare's gifts do sende;
These giftes the husband gives his wife,
and father eke his childe,
And maister on his men bestowes
the like with favour milde. —Old Song.

WHERE IT BEGINS.

Oh, not when winter comes, through fields of snow,
With half worn shoes the new born year begins;
But where the streams of life unfettered flow,
And blossoms o'er the sunlit meadows blow
The fragrant hope that straight our credence wins. —Philip O'Sullivan.

HIS GOOD LUCK.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY WITH THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN IT.

WE HAD been talking about the turn of fortune which comes to some people with the New Year. Dr. Mason, the oldest man in the room, said:

I will tell you a story worth writing and printing. I see that it is now the fashionable thing for men and women who have made a little stir in the world to tell all about the books which influenced them and the incidents which turned them into the highways which led to fortune or to fame. Well, I am not famous, thank heaven, but perhaps the experiences of a man who has escaped fame may not be without use to somebody.

I have always believed in luck. I don't attempt to justify my belief. I know that I can't hold my ground in argument against those who say there is no such thing. I only know that I believe in it. The superstition was born in me. There is a proverb in the Castilian tongue which says: "He who expects good luck will surely get it." I read that before I was 12 years old, and at once put faith in it. It confirmed the hope within me, that the future held something exceptionally good for me. Perhaps each one of us has that feeling, but not everybody evolves it into a faith and regularly lives by it. I did.

I had a dreary childhood, a difficult youth and a struggling early manhood. That proverb helped me to go through everything with courage. Usually I hated proverbs. My father had a stock of very disagreeable ones which he showered upon me at all seasons and hours. "They who know nothing fear nothing," "Birds that fly high light low," and others of equally discouraging power were ever on the end of his tongue. But the proverb that promised good luck simply because one expected it was both balm and inspiration to me.

E EXPRESS

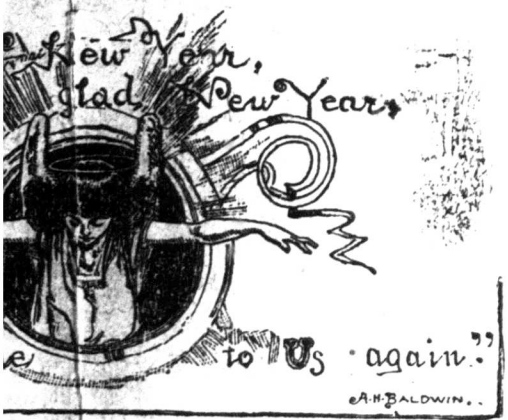
Warner Dot 15 apl 89

Dec. 28

DO NOT DELAY
But call and examin
our stock of Flour, Fee
Bran, Pork, Sugar an
Tea at prices neve
heard of before; wi
sell 20 per cent cheape
than any other house i
town. 12 bars of fam
ily soap 25c.
3288ly G. I. HAM

$1.50 if not paid till end of year.

NT., FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1888. VOL. XXVIII, No. 4.



When playing with other boys and trouble of any kind was imminent I always took the most cheerful ground, and assured them that everything would turn out all right. And I was terribly in earnest, too. I felt that all would go well somehow. The result was that every one took hope and met difficulty and danger as his master, not his victim. The boys soon learned to depend upon me for strength and encouragement, and they stuck to me with romantic devotion. I learned then the wonderful influence one mind can have over others when it recognizes no such thing as fear. Call it superstition, foolishness, what you will; but my faith in that proverb was something marvelous. I will admit, however, that I am of a credulous nature. When I was young I believed every assertion I ever heard or read. I was not a questioner or doubter. If a man asserted something I believed him because I supposed that he knew, else he would not assert. It never occurred to me that he might lie. Being honest myself I believed in the honesty of others.

I lived in the country and I longed to live in the city. My parents were well to do; but it was the custom of that locality to live simply and bring the children up to work. Mental accomplishments did not take high rank in the circle in which I moved for the first fifteen years of my life. I wanted a better education than I was ever likely to

A heavy limb of an old dead tree had broken and fallen upon me. When I "came to" I found myself hurt and somewhat frozen. I dragged myself home only to take to my bed for the remainder of the winter. Such a winter as it was—so bitter and hopeless that at times I almost lost faith in my good luck. I couldn't finish my contract of wood chopping, and so the tin store vanished.

In the spring I was able to be about once more; but thin, pale, weak, and with a bad limp. The doctors said I would never be strong again. This was terrible news to me. Alas! for the good luck I had expected. And yet it came, though not as I had planned. It has a way of doing that, I have noticed.

In the early spring Uncle Zeph came to see us. He was a kind hearted, unselfish man, and he took an interest in me.

"Why, the boy isn't able to do hard work. He must be sent to school and to college," he said, after he thoroughly understood the situation. But my father winced and said nothing. Education was but little respected in those parts.

"What else can be done with him?" asked my persistent uncle. "The boy has a good head. There's something in him. Give him a chance. You surely wouldn't force him to live his life without resources and tools with which to aid himself. It's a shame."

At last it was settled that I was to receive a thorough collegiate education, Uncle Zeph, who was childless, paying half the cost of it. Here was a piece of luck, indeed; better even than anything I had expected. It quite renewed my faith in my only proverb. And it had all come out of what I had deemed a stroke of the hardest kind of luck. Take courage, then, all of you, and don't think because you can't see light ahead of you that there is no light.

Well. I was graduated at last from one of [illegible]. After that I took a medical course and went to what was then considered the far west, Indiana, to practice. Patients came slowly, but I expected good luck, as I had learned to do, and had patience, if no patients.

I was just beginning to be a little known when I fell in love. The young lady who had effected this state of my emotions was Miss Alma Adams. She was very handsome. She had the dark eyes I am so fond of, and a

being once more so near the little home circle which held my happiness, I rushed up to her and held out both my hands, saying: "I am so glad to see you. I shall be grateful if you are half as glad to see me."

Her eyes opened wide, with a look that was part pleasure and part astonishment, blended with deprecation. She had the appealing eyes which so often belong to the young who are afflicted with deafness. Something in her look told me that she had not really understood my words, but was honestly glad to see me. So I rattled on telling her how much I had thought of all of them while I had been away, still holding both her hands in a hearty clasp.

"I wish you a Happy New Year and many Happy New Years," I said finally. "Your welcome makes me very, very happy. Now, let us go and find Alma."

"Do you really mean it, Dr. Mason?" and she looked up at me with a strange, yearning expression on her plain face, which was flushing with red, like an early morning sky.

"Mean it? Mean it every word, with all my heart," and I held her hands tighter than ever in my enthusiasm. "Now let us find Alma, for whom I have what I hope may be glad tidings."

She smiled, and her smile was very sweet, although she was so plain. I noticed, too, that her eyes had a strange light in them which made them resemble the eyes we sometimes see in dreams, which speak so much more meaningly than do those we see in our waking hours. This light was the light of joy and nothing else. One does not see it often in woman's eyes. Sometimes only once in a life time.

She slipped her arm in mine and we walked into the house down the wide, old fashioned hall to the sitting room.

"Alma, dear," said Laura, as we opened the door and the tall, dark eyed goddess of my heart arose and came towards us, "Dr. Mason says I have made him very happy, and he wants to tell you of it at once, and so do I."

The goddess glanced at both of us, a faint pink color coming into her white cheek, and smiled at us as she would have smiled at two children, while I was longing to take her in my arms and tell her that I adored her. Instead of greeting me, or giving me a chance to greet her, she bent and kissed Laura, and then turned to me, saying:

"You have won the sweetest heart in the world, Dr. Mason. I congratulate you. I know that you will return an equal amount of good wishes when I tell you that I have promised to marry Mr. Carey. We will be married next month and go to New York to live at once."

I stood, as the novelists say, "rooted to the spot." The whole scene seemed unreal. I, who a few moments before was full of joyful anticipation, now found myself engaged to marry a woman whom I did not love, and hearing the woman I did love tell me that she was soon to marry one of my rivals. At first I could not understand what Alma meant. I thought that she and Laura were enjoying some joke too obscure for me. At last the

ply and bring the children up to work. Mental accomplishments did not take high rank in the circle in which I moved for the first fifteen years of my life. I wanted a better education than I was ever likely to get. Somehow I fancied that I would get it, though I could not see how. The holidays always carry me back in memory to some of the main events of my life. I believe that fortune has a habit of making extraordinary changes when the Old Year goes out and the new one comes. At least it has done so more than once in my case; and that is why I now tell this story to you younger people, who naturally think of new leaves of many kinds in connection with the New Year.

I was only 15 years old when one bitter winter I took a contract to chop a large quantity of cord wood. It was one of the few ways boys had in that locality of earning a little money. It seems like a rough way to me now; but we did not think so then. I was up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and by 6 had had my breakfast, and was in the woods sending the echo of my strokes far over the hills. I was working for a purpose. The winter's chopping would give me money enough to start in a small business upon which I had set my heart. It was nothing less than to buy out a tin shop at "The Corners," the nearest village. In imagination I saw myself a "store keeper," at once a person of dignity in the community and highly satisfactory to himself. I soared even higher than that. I saw myself living in a fine house, growing elderly, pompous and fat, and in all probability president of a bank, like Judge Johnson, for whom I turned off the sidewalk every time I met him at "The Corners," as every other youth did, because he was so rich and important.

New Year's day found me in the woods, chopping away as usual. Holidays were not observed in that community, and festivities were as rare as angels' visits. An extra piece of pie in my lunch pail and a bit of something unusual for supper were all that marked the day from all the other crisp, cold winter days. But I thought of its being New Year's, and dreamed my dreams while I made the ax hum. The luck I expected out of that winter's work I could scarcely put in a small kingdom. While I was dwelling upon this interesting theme something snapped far above my head, there was a crash, some blinding flashes of light, and then—I was nowhere, at least consciously.

SENDING THE ECHOES OF MY STROKES

patience, if no patients.

I was just beginning to be a little known when I fell in love. The young lady who had effected this state of my emotions was Miss Alma Adams. She was very handsome. She had the dark eyes I am so fond of, and a placid, unemotional manner that I greatly admired. She was not rich, and I was rather glad of it, because I wanted to win her and to do everything for her myself. I think a man who is a man ought to feel that way. I was very much in love with her, and I thought that she felt more than kindly to me. But I wasn't sure. She was a queer girl. One could never tell of what she was thinking. I put off learning the actual state of her heart until I saw my way clear to a decent practice. In short, till I put some money in my purse.

Miss Adams' parents had in the family a niece about Alma's age, a plain little body, who was somewhat deaf and, therefore, something of a bore to a selfish young fool like me, who had only eyes and ears for the girl he adored. But Laura, this cousin, was good if she was exceedingly plain, and the girls were very fond of each other.

At last my unspoken love became almost a burden. I thought of but little else than Alma. Rivals I had, to be sure, but none whom I really feared. Young Wilcox, son of the richest man in the growing young town, hung around her constantly; and George Carey, a middle aged swell from "the east," was also devoted to her. But I was not afraid.

One evening as I parted from her my manner betrayed more tenderness than I had meant to express, though not more than I felt. In thinking of it afterwards I was happy in remembering that Alma had not seemed surprised or annoyed at my expression of feeling. "And she must have understood," I said to myself. As I walked to my lodgings I determined to tell her outright that I loved her, and ask her to marry me the very next month. The next day I was called away to the bedside of my dying father, and did not return for two months. Then I was a comparatively rich man, with my share of his estate. That is, rich for that time, not for the present.

I returned to Crestfield on New Year's day. I lost no time in going to see Alma. Visions of this moment of happiness had filled my mind for days. I met Laura just coming out of the house. Full of childish delight at hearing the woman I did love tell me that she was soon to marry one of my rivals. At first I could not understand what Alma meant. I thought that she and Laura were enjoying some joke too obscure for me. At last the beaming look in Laura's eyes enlightened me. She, being somewhat deaf, had mistaken my warm greeting for a declaration of love, and responded affirmatively.

"DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT, DR. MASON?"

With Laura's arm still within mine I walked to a sofa and sat down, she by my side. I had not uttered a word since I met Alma. Speech had utterly forsaken me. And, indeed, what could I say? Could I tell the trusting creature by my side that it was all a mistake; that she had misunderstood me; that I did not love her; that I loved her beautiful cousin? No; I was too shocked and dazed to do anything but sit there in silence, with the perspiration standing in cold drops on my face and my eyes staring vacantly ahead of me. I think I could have spoken had it not been that Alma stood before me looking placid and even happy in telling of her engagement to Mr. Carey. I accepted the situation in desperation. The whole face of life had been suddenly changed for me and I saw nothing but gloom ahead.

I thought myself a strong man, but is it any wonder that I wept like any child on my pillow that night? What a New Year's that was! Whither had my expected good luck gone?

I put the best possible face on my misery and went on in the dismal path fate had marked out for me. Since I could not have Alma, what did it matter whom I married? Ugly little Laura would do as well as any woman. It was fortunate that she expected no extraordinary demonstration of affection from me. Truly I could not have given it. My heart seemed frozen or dead. Yet I

I TOLD HER THE STORY.

could not help seeing that she seemed quietly happy. Her plain face actually began to glow with new life, and there were times when she looked almost pretty. It occurred to me that I might forget my own misery by trying to make her happy. The idea was a spark from the mind of infinite love, for it brought a kind of peace to my sick soul.

I threw myself into the role of promised husband with all the energy I possessed. I suggested that we should be married on the same day that was fixed for the wedding of Alma to Mr. Carey. I can assure you that in those weeks I demonstrated, to myself at least, that I had something of the heroic in my nature.

Well, we were married. Alma and her husband went away, and Laura and I "went to housekeeping," as they say of newly married folk. I did my best to give Laura no

Concluded on fourth page

"THROUGH GOOD AND ILL;"

OR,

OLIVER BRANDON'S STORY.

By NORA LAUGHER.

CHAPTER V.—SURROUNDED BY SORROWS.

"Where, when the gods would be cruel,
 Do they go for a torture? Where
Plant thorns, set pain like a jewel?
 Ah, not in the flesh, not there!
The racks of earth and the rods
 Are weak as foam on the sands,
In the heart is the prey for the gods
 Who crucify hearts, not hands."

That Christmas Day when the church bells were ringing merrily across the snow I was conveyed to the gaol at Montreal.

Soon after my arrival I was searched, and to my horror and dismay an Indian clasp set with diamonds of immense value was found concealed in the inner lining of my pocket book and which I recognized as belonging to my Uncle Brandon. Again and again I protested that I could not imagine how it came into my possession which only met with a derisive smile.

How did the Indian clasp become secreted in my possession? Alas, how helpless I was to unravel the diabolical mystery!

The justice room was crowded the morning of my examination, for my position as a Canadian artist and being so well known when a boy in Montreal excited an extraor-

and almost every day would send me a plentiful supply of newspapers and literature.

The twentieth of March, the day of the trial, came at last. I must pass over the crowded court, the sea of faces looking so pitiably at me. I must not stay to give the damnable evidence of Gervase Lerhue, rendered with a saint-like hypocritical expression of his cadaverous features, nor the corresponding evidence of his deaf old wife, Annette

Poor Mrs. Gibson, afraid she should say anything to harm me maintained an almost obstinate silence. They could get little from her except that upon a certain date an old gentleman purporting to have journeyed from Montreal, called at her house on Jarvis Street, Toronto, and that she believed he stole Mr. Oliver Brandon's pistol to shoot himself with.

The idea of suicide was not entertained by the medical witnesses and Mrs. Gibson's evidence was treated with every sign of unbelief, as though it was merely concocted to procure my release.

Clifford Fairfax's face grew very grave, and soon I missed him from the court.

Hour by hour, as the day wore ... I ...

phial and pouring a few drops of dark liquid into his hand which he rubbed well over my face, neck and hands, staining them the complexion of his own. Then putting on a false brown beard he had in readiness he in the dim light resembled Oliver Brandon in no small degree.

"Now go," said he, warmly shaking my hand, then hastily stuffing the tin can and scraps of hair into my pockets, "for I hear the jaoler coming, I must throw myself face downwards upon the bed, for he will most likely have a lamp with him. Whatever you do, Brandon, don't run. You will find Jack waiting for you in a sleigh not very far from the west corner of the jaol."

He flung himself down upon the hard mattrass. Oh, little did I think that I should never again clasp the kind hand, never again look into the true and noble face of Clifford Fairfax.

"Time is up, Dr. Fairfax, I guess I will get blamed for letting you stay so long," said the jaoler, hurrying me out of the cell and across the prison yard.

I remembered Fairfax's advice not to run, but I walked fast over the still snow-covered ground and found Jack Irvine awaiting me in a sleigh on the road.

"Jump up, Brandon," said he excitedly. "Great Scott! I feared it was Clifford come back. You are as alike as two peas. Hurry up, I must drive like the very devil or we shall miss the train and all will be lost."

It was dusk, but not dark.

Jack drove at a terrific speed, the horses fairly flew over the snow.

We were only just in time to board the train for New York. What an eternity seemed that journey to both of us.

Ger... fessed ... made ... self, di... from ... had ta... planne... Furthe... Indian ... and to... tween ... I lay a... real.

The ... their j... from ... that e... beautif... tamara... in the ...

The ... my lon... divinel... snow-d... fringes ... porch, ... north w... I clasp... bing he... ed and ... you ha... deed. Gladys ...

And ... pered ... doubte... have br... loved y...

... and associations ... evating and tran... ter—which, God ...

... night most of all, ... n my heart filling ... hours of darkness ... or what I did. At ... round and round ... resembling some ... than a sane hu... sten to the clock ... ging hours until, ... pacing up and ... upon my mattrass

"Brandon, don't for Heaven's sake talk like a fool. Hurry up, man, think," said he giving me a hard shake "Think, you are condemned to death—to be hanged like a cur, for a crime you know nothing of. Think of little Gladys, it would kill her. For God's sake and her's be a man; there is no time to lose in foolish arguments."

"Then you still believe in my innocence, Clifford," I faltered.

"How can you ask such a thing? You know that I do and I have come to prove it," said he hastily taking some packages from his pockets.

"But what ..." I broke ...

the little attic room, never going out, never seeing any one but Holroyd and his sister. Only hearing tidings of Gladys or Jack through the personal column of the daily papers. Letters were out of the question, for detectives were continually on the alert and large rewards were offered for my apprehension.

I can never forget the kindness of Millicent and Angus Holroyd, who tended me unceasingly. Often I was capricious and unthankful, growing weary of my imprisonment.

Hot summer days passed drearily on and winter came round again. The glistening snow lay thickly upon my attic roof ...

the pr... events ... prepar... of the s... evening ... preced... first ga... House, ... year h... attracti... some r... list in t... John B... the ho... elabora...

... recollections, of thought ... were thus called forth el... quilising in their charac... knows, I sorely needed.

At other times, in the ... some devil would rise up i... it full of evil, and in those ... I felt hardly answerable f... such times I would walk ... my prison room, far more ... frantic caged wild beast, ... man being. I would li... slowly striking the drag... thoroughly wearied with ... down, I would fall down ...

Gervase Larhue was dying and had confessed to the murder of his old master, had made a deposition to the effect that he himself, disguised like his master, had journeyed from Montreal to Toronto from where he had taken my pistol with which he devilishly planned to lay a fearful crime upon me. Further confessing to having hidden the Indian clasp in the lining of my pocket book and to having placed the opal ring in between the leathern cover of my valise while I lay asleep at my Uncle's house at Montreal.

The happy Christmas bells were ringing their joyful blessing of "Peace on earth," from many a church tower as Jack and I that evening drove from Guelph through beautiful romantic Elora to Irvineside. The tamaracs and maple trees stood boldly out in the bright moonlight as we neared home.

The dear old Irvineside homestead, after my long and wretched absence, looked most divinely lovely to me in its peaceful, winter snow-dress. The icicles hung in lengthy fringes from the quaintly carved and gabled porch, where Gladys, regardless of the cold, north wind was waiting to welcome me. As I clasped her close, close to my happy throbbing heart, I asked, "My darling, you believed and trusted in me always; but suppose you had thought me guilty of that awful deed. You would have left me then, my Gladys?'

And as she nestled in my arms she whispered "Oliver, my dearest, I have never doubted you for one moment, to do so would have broken my heart for I should still have loved you the same through good and ill."

[THE END]

Wilful Cupid.

Caroline, the eldest and perhaps the most beautiful of the daughters of the Duke Maximilian in Bavaria, was, while still a child, selected as a fitting bride for the heir of the Austrian crown, and although there was no formal betrothal her father was informed that she must be educated in such a way as would fit her for her future grandeur. This was more easily said than done, for money was scarce in the ducal palace; but the whole family, from the duke himself to the youngest child, seem to have thrown themselves *con amore* into the work, and to have cheerfuly economized for the sake of the fortunate Caroline. She had professors and teachers of the best, and she well repaid all the care that was lavished upon her, for at 19, clever, accomplished, and regally beautiful, she was the very ideal of what a queen should be.

When the time for the marriage drew near the young Emperor Joseph came on a visit to the Duke in Bavaria (the family title is "in," not "of," that he might make the acquaintance of his future wife. He gazed at the stately creature who had been so carefully trained for him with respectful admiration, but he fell violently in love with her madcap younger sister Elizabeth, who, regarded in the family as a mere child, and one, too, for whom no high destiny was in store, had been allowed to pass her days on horseback scouring the country side. Ministers and courtiers stood aghast, but argument and persuasion were alike wasted on the Emperor, who refused to see that a lack of accomplishments was a blemish in the one whom he loved, and a few months later Elizabeth, thorough child as she was, knowing no more of the etiquette of courts than the veriest little gamin, entered Vienna in state as Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary.

Although this happened more than thirty years ago she has not yet learned to submit with patience to the restraints that hedge in the lives of sovereigns, and the Viennese, in spite of their love for their beautiful Em-

LATEST BY CABLE.

Lord Salisbury's Unfortunate Gibe—India Excited—The Suakin Trouble A Diplomatic Victory.

It will not be surprising if the most important event in the week's history proves to be the stray, half-humorous, and inadvertent remark in Lord Salisbury's speech at Edinburgh. He was speaking of the recent Holborn by-election, and contemptuously referred to the Liberal candidate in that division in 1886 as a 'black man.' It happens that the gentleman referred to, the Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, is a wealthy and learned Parsee, who has been prominent in India politics and public life for a long time. He was president of the recent Indian National Congress, and is the most distinguished and cultivated of all the native gentlemen who have yet come to England to reside. This foolish reference has created great excitement throughout India, and even the Government organs among the anglo-Indian press are driven to characterize it as an inexplicable and incredible blunder. Many cabled demands for an explanation and a contradiction have already come from Bombay. The vast Indian Empire was convulsed with a terrible war only thirty years ago over a mere question involving greased cartridges. Since that time there have been educational advancements in India not equaled in any other part of the globe, and of late the existence of a large class of astute and devoted native politicians, who adopt a critical attitude toward the English rule, has made the problem of governing India increasingly difficult and delicate. Lord Salisbury's gibe will do more mischief throughout India than Lord Lansdowne will be able to repair during his whole term as Viceroy, and those here who know the country best say it is the most unfortunate thing that has happened to England in a generation.

Everybody is talking about the coming battle outside of Suakin. Apparently it is certain to be fought very soon and equally certain that it will be a hot and desperate fight, with heavy losses and an entirely problematical result. In either event the next session of Parliament will have to face the necessity of a Soudan expedition unless it is prepared to abandon the Red Sea littoral altogether, for this approaching conflict can be decisive of nothing. If the garrison are defeated and badly handled in their sortie, of course England will be committed to immediate operations. If, on the other hand, Osman Digma is driven out of his trenches he will simply retire to the foothills, where the enemy cannot follow him, and gather his energies for a renewal of the siege at his leisure.

England has just scored a diplomatic victory, which changes the complexion of the whole Central Asian question. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, whose mission to Persia was bitterly attacked by the Liberals as a sinecure and a partisan job, has succeeded in getting Persia to give a lot of valuable

A DESPERADO DOGGED.

And Finally Captured by two Daring Detectives.

A despatch from West Virginia to the New York Herald gives the following account of the capture of another member of the notorious Hatfield gang of murderers.

Another of the murderous Hatfield gang has been dragged in manacles from the rough mountains, where the desperadoes have so long defied the law and slaughtered as they chose.

The bloody border war that has strewn the shores of the Tug River with graves is being rapidly brought to a close by the iron nerved detectives who are prowling through the great wilderness to which law has so long been a stranger.

It takes a man with a lion's heart to go into the strongholds of the Hatfields now. Every trail over the mountains or along the creeks leading to the Hatfield settlement is picketed by ambushed murderers, who would kill without mercy any man they suspected. These detectives are going through experiences such as one reads of in dime novels. It seems hard for a man who hears their tales to believe that such things can be in a civilized land.

Ellison Hatfield, alias Mounts, the brute who was captured after a desperate struggle in the mountains with Detectives Gibson and Cunningham about three weeks ago, made a full confession. He implicated Alexander Messer as one of the slayers of the McCoy boys, who were shot to death in August five years ago by a merciless tribunal of the woods headed by "Devil Ance" Hatfield.

Messer is known as one of the most desperate ruffians on the border and was a conspicuous figure in Breathitt county trouble in Kentucky a few years ago. It is said that he killed five or six men in that county and boasted that he had killed twenty-six men since the war.

So frightful were the deeds of this man that he was feared even by the Hatfields, to whom the shedding of blood is commonplace. Governor Buckner, of Kentucky, offered a reward of $350 for Messer's body, and Gibson and Cunningham have been on his track night and day since they captured Ellison Hatfield. As he had left the Hatfield settlement soon after the murder of the McCoy boys, fearing the vengeance that Kentucky would wreak, the two detectives found it hard to locate him. It is worth a man's life to ask too many questions or to pry around too much in the region where they had to go.

Finally they struck the desperado's trail and learned that he was living in a log hut, on Ugly Creek, in Lincoln county. On last Wednesday they met a man in Chapman's store in that neighborhood who answered to Messer's description. Fearing to make a mistake, the detectives manœuvred. After a short talk with them the man invited them to his cabin. The detectives accompanied him, and when in his home he mentioned his name. Gibson at once whipped out his revolver and covered the assassin. In another moment Messer was handcuffed. His fury was beyond description.

The captured murderer was brought to this city and taken from here to Catlettsburg, Ky., where he is now in jail. He is about fifty-one years old and has a wife and six children. He was formerly a deputy sheriff in Perry county, Ky. Messer declares that he would never have surrendered and would not have been captured only that the detectives got between him and his gun. He admits having lived with the Hatfields at the time of the murder of the McCoy boys, but denies that he killed either of them. He is the seventh of the Hatfield-McCoy murderers arrested by the detectives.

Although this happened more than thirty years ago she has not yet learned to submit with patience to the restraints that hedge in the lives of sovereigns, and the Viennese, in spite of their love for their beautiful Empress, openly mourn that the Emperor should have chosen one who regards a court ball as a penance and a state ceremony as a thing scarcely to be lived through. From the day of her marriage it seems to have been a constant endeavour to shake off the fetters of her station, and perhaps the happiest hours of her life are those which, while following the hounds of England, or hunting the chamois in her native land, she is able to forget that she is Empress Queen. For her age the Empress Elizabeth is the youngest looking woman in Europe. When one sees her slight, graceful form, eyes brilliant with life and vigour, and complexion that flushes with passing emotions, it seems absurd that she should be the grandmother of big boys and girls.

Caroline, the forsaken one, seems to have met her fate with true royal equanimity. Perhaps she thought that, as her sister gained what she lost it did not really matter. If one may judge by her face, her life has not been a happy one. When she was about 24 she was married to the Prince of Thurm and Taxis, who died some nine years later.

The Game Dinner.

The annual game dinner at the Grand Pacific Hotel, given by Drake, Parker & Co., the proprietors, to their friends is one of the events for November in Chicago. Great preparations are made and the thirty-third of the series, which took place last Saturday evening, was equal, if not superior, to any preceding one. Mr. John B. Drake gave his first game dinner in 1855 at the old Tremont House, on Dearborn St., and each succeeding year he has endeavored to furnish new attractions. The last one certainly was in some respects in advance of any in the long list in the years gone by. On this occasion John B. Drake and Samuel W. Parker were the hosts and the provision made was most elaborate and ample. The variety of game will be noticed from the menu as follows: Leg of mountain sheep, deer tongue, black tail deer, mountain sheep, saddle of antelope, loin of venison, loin of elk, opossum, coon, black bear, wild goose, sand hill crane, ruffled grouse, mallard duck, Virginia partridge, red head duck, sage hen, brant, wood duck, jack rabbit, squirrel, butterball duck, prairie chicken, blue-winged teal, wild turkey, widgeon, pheasant, plover, quail, venison steak, fox squirrel, black birds, snipe, reed birds, red-wing starling, marsh birds, English hare. *Ornamental Dishes.*—Pyramid of game en Bellevue, aspic of birds a la royal, pattie of liver sur socle, boned quail in plumage, red-wing starling au natural. The special ornaments were the bare back rider and the hunter's mishap.

It is a healthy sign of the times that the working classes in Europe are commencing to protest against the enormous burdens imposed upon them to maintain the armed hosts that have been gathered together under the pretence of preserving the peace. The condemnation of the triple alliance by the workingmen of Milan may be taken as an indication that in the not remote future there will be a general and concerted revolt on the part of the working classes of the Continent against the waste of labour and money upon military preparations for war. If the European governments can be forced to disband their armies and agree to a system of international arbitration for the settlement of disputes, a very important step will have been taken towards the bringing about of the millennium.

the whole Central Asian question. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, whose mission to Persia was bitterly attacked by the Liberals as a sinecure and a partisan job, has succeeded in getting Persia to give a lot of valuable trading privileges to the English and to commercially boycott the Russians. The importance of this will be recognized when it is remembered that Persia is the real game at which the Russians have been aiming through all their feints on the Afghan frontier. The Russian papers have gone into a frenzy of rage at this untoward development, and are talking more excitedly against England than they have done before since the Penjdeh incident. Official dispatches from St. Petersburg to day recognize that the old Anglo Russian difficulty is reopened in a new and threatening direction, and deplore the fact in language which is taken to mean that Germany will seize the opportunity to disarm France and make herself master of Europe.

May Women Propose?

Bill Nye writes the following letter on the subject:—

"I do not see why woman should not propose if she so elect, and then suffer the bitter, bitter consequence. Many men who now live on unloved and in a hand-to-mouth manner might be, oh, so happy! if the onus of popping did not weigh them down like a large three-cornered incubus.

"I am acquainted with several husbands who have been thus acquired, and I am happy to say they are turning out well. Several of them who were not self-supporting to start with have married well, having been wooed and won by girls of means.

Yours truly, BILL NYE.

"P. S.—I am provided for myself.

"P. S. Again—Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, who, as I write, is brushing his hair with a dummy brush which I carry with me, says he trusts that the day will speedily come when woman will propose, and he hopes he will be away up towards the general-delivery window when the office opens. Some good woman could make Mr. Riley very, very happy. Any letters sent to him in my care will be cheerfully read and forwarded to him. B. N."

If Mr. Nye's letter does not encourage some girl who thinks "bitter, bitter consequence" is not any bitterer because of her doing the proposing to utilise her very short time to receive an engagement ring for a Christmas present, I can't see what will. Mr. Nye's marriage certificate seems to hover around his first "P. S." like bumblebees around clover, but there is a chance for some good woman with Mr. Riley. For those who have not seen him I can vouch for him. He is a handsome and a genial gentleman.—NELLIE BLY, in N. Y. World.

A Candid Confession.

"Well, farmer, how are the crops?"

"Very good.

"You don't kick about anything then?"

"No."

"Then what are you looking so blue about?"

"Because I don't know of anything that I can complain of."

Railroad engineers are subject to a peculiar nervous disease brought about by continuous shocks.

A Western medium has interviewed Adam on the question, "Is marriage a failure?" "I don't exactly say that marriage is a failure," remarked the materialised first man, as he sat down on a materialized log just outside of the Garden of Eden, and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

tives got between him and his gun. He admits having lived with the Hatfields at the time of the murder of the McCoy boys, but denies that he killed either of them. He is the seventh of the Hatfield-McCoy murderers arrested by the detectives.

Gibson, who made the arrest, is the youngest member of the force, but one of the most fearless detectives in the United States. Single-handed he went into the McCoy settlement and captured two of the McCoy gang, brought them to this State and received the reward offered for them. In company with other detectives about two weeks ago he made a raid on the Hatfields, capturing one and shooting the forefinger off Tom Chambers' hand, also shooting him through the side. On that trip Gibson lay in the woods three days without any thing to eat except what chestnuts he could find among the leaves.

Cheesine.—A Yankee Product.

A new name has been coined for an American substance which has been for a long time on the American and British markets and which is alleged to be eatable. It is now called "cheesine," indicating that it is first cousin to those disreputable counterfeits, "butterine" and "oleomargarine." "Cheesine" is doubtless cheese made from milk the natural fat of which has been extracted at the butter factory. To the skim milk cheese any very cheap animal fat is added. The product is sometimes called "lard cheese." The combination of words is quite as insulting to the hog as it is to the cow. Of course anybody who wants to eat a combination of skim milk and the fat from "died' animals is at liberty to do so, but Legislatures everywhere should step in and compel all such commodities to be sold under their correct descriptions. In Canada we have not yet arrived at "cheesine," and in the interest of our immense dairy export business it is desirable that the Dominion Government should prohibit the manufacture of the stuff unless it can be absolutely prevented from going upon the market under a false name.

A Modern Hercules.

Charles H. Sampson, a New York strong man, engaged to slay a steer with his fist. The feat was performed with a single blow in the presence of Emperor Wilhelm and Emperor Francis Joseph. He wears a handsome decoration commemorating that event. This feat of skill and strength was repeated at Ems, Germany, St. Petersburg, and Paris, Mr. Sampson striking but a single blow upon each of the occasions except the last. In this case the steer was running, and his aim was not true, but the first blow knocked the animal down and a second crushed its skull. During his professional experience this Hercules has suffered broken arms no less than seventeen times. He does not attribute his great strength to any freak of nature, but says it is the result of careful training and exercise.

All Skipped.

Senior partner (to office boy)—"What makes the cashier so late this morning?"

"He's taken all the cash and gone to Montreal, sir."

"Where's the clerk?"

"He's skipped to Spain with all the silverware, sir."

"Well, where's my partner?"

"Gone to Europe with all the gold watches, sir."

"Good Heavens! Well, see here! as long as all the rest have gone, I'll take the diamonds and visit South America; and, by the way, you can take that basket there, fill it with nickel watches and cross over to Jersey."

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"I saw the skeleton forms of half-a-dozen more of them slinking among the bushes that skirted a low island; and tired and cold, I gave myself and the oxen up for lost, when I felt the ice tremble on which I stood, and heard men running at a little distance. 'Fire your guns?' I cried out, as loud as I could. My order was obeyed, and such a yelling and howling immediately filled the whole forest as would have chilled your very heart. The thievish varmints instantly fled away into the bush.

"I never felt the least fear of wolves until that night; but when they meet in large bands, like cowardly dogs, they trust to their numbers and grow fierce. If you meet with one wolf, you may be certain that the whole pack is at no great distance."

We were fast approaching Sandy Point, a long white ridge of sand, running half across the lake, and though only covered with scattered groups of scrubby trees and brush, it effectually screened Stony Lake from our view. There were so many beautiful flowers peeping through the dwarf, green bushes, that, wishing to inspect them nearer, Mat kindly ran the canoe ashore, and told me that he would show me a pretty spot, where an Indian, who had been drowned during a storm off that point, was buried. I immediately recalled the story of Susan Moore's father, but Mat thought that he was interred upon one of the islands farther up.

"It is strange," he said, "that they are such bad swimmers. The Indian, though unrivalled by us whites in the use of the paddle, is an animal that does not take readily to the water, and those among them who can swim seldom use it as a recreation."

Pushing our way through the bushes, we came to a small opening in the underwood, so thickly grown over with wild Canadian roses, in full blossom, that the air was impregnated with a delightful odour. In the centre of this bed of sweets rose the humble mound that protected the bones of the red man from the ravenous jaws of the wolf and the wild cat. It was completely covered with stones, and from among the crevices had sprung a tuft of blue harebells, waving as wild and free as if they grew among the bonny heather on the glorious hills of the North or shook their tiny bells to the breeze on the broom encircled commons of England.

The harebells had always from a child been with me a favorite flower; and the first sight of it in Canada, growing upon that lonely grave, so flooded my soul with remembrances of the past that in spite of myself the tears poured freely from my eyes. There are moments when it is impossible to repress those outgushings of the heart—

"Those flood-gates of the soul that sever,
In passion's tide to part for ever."

If Mat and his sister wondered at my tears, they must have suspected the cause, for they walked to a little distance, and left me to the indulgence of my feelings. I gathered those flowers and placed them in my bosom, and kept them for many a day; they had become holy, when connected with sacred home recollections, and the never-dying affection of the heart which the sight of them recalled.

A shout from our companions in the other canoe made us retrace our steps to the shore. They had already rounded the point, and were wondering at our absence.

Oh, what a magnificent scene of wild and lonely grandeur burst upon us as we swept round the little peninsula, and the whole majesty of Stony Lake broke upon us at Hill," from the abundance of oak-trees which clothed its steep sides. The wood of this oak is so heavy and hard that it will not float in the water, and it is in great request for the runners of lumber sleighs, which have to pass over very bad roads.

The breeze, which had rendered our sail up the lakes so expeditious and refreshing, had stiffened into a pretty high wind, which was dead against us all the way down. Betty now knelt in the bow and assisted her brother, squaw fashion in paddling the canoe; but in spite of all, their united exertions, it was past ten o'clock before we reached the mill. The good Norah was waiting tea for us. She had given the children their supper four hours ago, and the little creatures, tired with using their feet all day, were sound asleep upon her bed.

After supper, several Irish songs were sung, while Pat played upon the fiddle, and Betty and Mat enlivened the company with an Irish jig.

It was midnight when the children were placed on my cloak at the bottom of the canoe, and we bade adieu to this hospitable family. The wind being dead against us, we were obliged to dispense with the sail, and take to our paddles. The moonlight was as bright as day, and the air warm and balmy; and the aromatic, resinous smell exuded by the heat from the balm-of-giliead and the pine-trees of the forest added greatly to our sense of enjoyment as we floated past scenes so wild and lonely—isles that assumed a mysterious look and character in that witching hour. In moments like these I ceased to regret my separation from my native land; and, filled with the love of Nature, my heart forgot for the time the love of home. The very spirit of peace seemed to brood over the waters, which were broken into a thousand ripples of light by every breeze that stirred the rice blossoms, or whispered through the shivering aspen-trees. The far-off roar of the rapids, softened by distance, and the long, mournful cry of the night-owl alone broke the silence of the night. Amid these lonely wilds the soul draws nearer to God, and is filled to overflowing by the overwhemling sense of His presence.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we fastened the canoe to the landing, and Moodie carried up the children to the house. I found the girl still up with my boy, who had been very restless during our absence. My heart reproached me as I caught him to my breast, for leaving him so long; in a few minutes he was consoled for past sorrows, and sweetly sleeping in my arms.

A CANADIAN SONG.

Come, launch the light canoe;
The breeze is fresh and strong:
The summer skies are blue,
And 'tis joy to float along;
Away o'er the waters,
The bright-glancing waters,
The many-voiced waters,
As they dance in light and song.

When the great Creator spoke,
On the long unmeasured night,
The living day-spring broke,
And the waters own'd His might;
The voice of many waters,
Of glad, rejoicing waters,
Of living, leaping waters,
First hailed the dawn of light.

Where foaming billows glide
To earth's remotest bound;
The rushing ocean tide
Rolls on the solemn sound:

laying light pieces of round timber across the trunks of the trees, and setting fire to them at the point of contact, by which means the trees are slowly burned through.

It was while busily engaged in this interesting operation that I first became acquainted with the subject of this sketch.

Some twenty or thirty little fires were burning briskly in different parts of the blackened field, and the old fellow was watching the slow progress of his silent "niggers," and replacing them from time to time as they smouldered away. After threading my way among the uncouth logs, blazing and smoking in all directions, I encountered the old man, attired in an old bonnet, or hood, of his wife Judy, with his patched canvas trousers rolled up to his knees; one foot bare, and the other furnished with an old boot, which from its appearance had once belonged to some more aristocratic foot. His person was long, straight and sinewy, and there was a light springiness and elasticity in his step which would have suited a younger man, as he skipped along with a long handspike over his shoulder. He was singing a stave from the "Enniskillen Dragoon" when I came up with him.

"With his silver mounted pistols, and his long carbine,
Long life to the brave Inniskillen dragoon,"

His face would have been one of the most lugubrious imaginable, with his long, tangled hair hanging confusedly over it, in a manner which has been happily compared to a "bewitched haystack," had it not been for a certain humorous twitch or convulsive movement, which affected one side of his countenance, whenever any droll idea passed through his mind. It was with a twitch of this kind, and a certain indescribable twinkle of his somewhat melancholy eye, as he seemed intuitively to form a hasty conception of the oddity of his appearance to a stranger unused to the bush, that he welcomed me to his clearing. He instantly threw down his handspike, and leaving his "niggers" to finish their work at their leisure, insisted on our going to his house to get something to drink.

On the way, I explained to him the object of my visit, which was to mark out, or "blaze", the side-lines of a lot of land I had received as part of a military grant, immediately adjoining the beaver-meadow, and I asked him to accompany me, as he was well acquainted with the different lots.

"Och! by all manner of manes, and welcome; the dhevil a foot of the way but I know as well as my own clearing; but come into the house, and get a dhrink of milk, an' a bite of bread an' butther, for sorrow a dhrop of the whiskey has crossed my teeth for the last month; an' it's but poor intertainment for man or baste I can offer you, but shure you're heartily welcome."

The precincts of the homestead were divided into an infinity of enclosures, of all shapes and sizes. The outer enclosure was a bush fence, formed of trees felled on each other in a row, and the gaps filled up with brushwood. There was a large gate swung with wooden hinges, and a wooden latch to fasten it; the smaller enclosures were made with round poles, tied together with bark. The house was of the rudest description of "shanty," with hollowed basswood logs, fitting into each other somewhat in the manner of tiles for a roof, instead of shingles. No iron was to be seen, in the absence of which there were plenty of leathern hinges, wooden latches for locks and bark-strings instead of nails. There was a large fire-place at one end of the shanty, with a chimney, constructed of split laths, plastered with a mixture of clay and cowdung. As for windows, these were luxuries that could well be dispensed with; the open door was an

were wondering at our absence.

Oh, what a magnificent scene of wild and lonely grandeur burst upon us as we swept round the little peninsula, and the whole majesty of Stony Lake broke upon us at once, another Lake of the Thousand Isles in miniature, and in the heart of the wilderness! Imagine a large sheet of water, some fifteen miles in breadth and twenty-five in length, taken up by islands of every size and shape, from the lofty naked rock of red granite to the rounded hill, covered with oak-trees to its summit; while others were level with the waters, and of a rich emerald green, only fringed with a growth of aquatic shrubs and flowers. Never did my eyes rest on a more lovely or beautiful scene. Not a vestige of man, or of his works was there. The setting sun, that cast such a gorgeous flood of light upon this exquisite panorama, bringing out some of these lofty islands in strong relief, and casting others into intense shade, shed no cheery beam upon church spire or cottage pane. We beheld the landscape, savage and grand in its primeval beauty.

As we floated among the channels between these rocky picturesque isles, I asked Mat how many of them there were.

"I never could succeed," he said, "in counting them all. One Sunday, Pat and I spent a whole day in going from one to the other, to try and make out how many there were, but we could only count up to one hundred and forty before we gave up the task in despair. There are a great many of them; more than any one would think—and, what is very singular, the channel between them is very deep, sometimes above forty feet, which accounts for the few rapids to be found in this lake. It is a glorious place for hunting; and the waters, undisturbed by steam-boats, abound in all sorts of fish.

"Most of these islands are covered with huckleberries; while grapes, high and low bushed cranberries, blackberries, wild cherries, gooseberries, and several other sorts of wild currants grow here in profusion. There is one island among these groups (but I never could light upon the identical one) where the Indians yearly gather their wampum-grass. They come here to collect the best birch-bark for their canoes and to gather wild onions. In short, from the game, fish and fruit which they collect among the islands of this lake, they chiefly depend for their subsistence. They are very jealous of the white settlers in the country coming to hunt and fish here, and tell many stories of wild beasts and rattlesnakes that abound along its shores; but I, who have frequented the lake for years, was never disturbed by anything, beyond the adventure with the wolf, which I have already told you. The banks of this lake are all steep and rocky, and the land along the shore is barren, and totally unfit for cultivation.

"Had we time to run up a few miles further, I could have showed you some places well worth a journey to look at but the sun is already down, and it will be dark before we get back to the mill."

The other canoe now floated alongside, and Pat agreed with his brother that it was high time to return. With reluctance I turned from this strangely fascinating scene. As we passed under one bold rocky Island, Mat, said, laughingly, "That is Mount Rascal."

"How did it obtain that name?"

"Oh, we were out here berrying, with our good priest, Mr. B———. This island promised so fair, that we landed upon it, and, after searching for an hour, we returned to the boat without a single berry, upon which Mr. B———named it 'Mount Rascal.'"

The island was so beautiful, it did not deserve the name, and I christened it "Oak

Where foaming billows glide
To earth's remotest bound;
The rushing ocean tide
Rolls on the solemn sound;
God's voice is in the waters;
The deep, mysterious waters,
The sleepless, dashing waters,
Still breathe its tones around.

CHAPTER XVI.—The "Ould Dhragoon."

It is delightful to observe a feeling of contentment under adverse circumstances. We may smile at the rude and clumsy attempts of the remote and isolated backwoodsman to attain something like comfort, but happy he who, with the bouyant spirits of the light-hearted Irishman, dontrives to make himself happy even while all others would be miserable.

A certain degree of dissatisfaction with our present circumstances is necessary to stimulate us to exertion, and thus enable us to secure future comfort; but where the delusive prospect of future happiness is too remote for any reasonable hope of ultimate attainment, then surely it is true wisdom to make the most of the present and to cultivate the spirit of happy contentment with the lot assigned to us by Providence.

"Ould Simpson," or the "Ould Dhragoon," as he was generally called, was a good sample of this happy character; and I shall proceed to give the reader a sketch of his history, and a description of his establishment. He was one of that unfortunate class of discharged soldiers who are tempted to sell their pensions often far below their true value, for the sake of getting a lot of land in some remote settlement, where it is only rendered valuable by the labour of the settler, and where they will have the unenviable privilege of expending the last remains of their strength in clearing a patch of land for the benefit of some grasping storekeeper who has given them credit while engaged in the work.

The old dragoon had fixed his abode on the verge of an extensive beaver meadow, which was considered a sort of natural curiosity in the neighborhood; and where he managed by cutting the rank grass in the summer time, to support several cows, which afforded the chief subsistence of his family. He had also managed, with the assistance of his devoted partner, Judy, to clear a few acres of poor rocky land on the sloping margin of the level meadow, which he planted year after year with potatoes. Scattered over this small clearing, here and there, might be seen the but-end of some half-burnt hemlock tree, which had escaped the general combustion of the log heaps, and now formed a striking contrast to the white limestone rocks which showed their rounded surfaces above the meagre soil.

The "ould dhragoon" seemed, moreover, to have some taste for the picturesque, and by the way of ornament, had left standing sundry tall pines and hemlocks neatly girdled to destroy their foliage, the shade of which would have been detrimental to the "blessed praties" which he deigned to grow in his clearing, but which, in the meantime, like martyrs at the stake, stretched their naked branches imploringly towards the heavens. As he was a kind of hermit, from choice, and far removed from other settlers, whose assistance is so necessary in new settlements, old Simpson was compelled to resort to the most extraordinary contrivances while clearing his land. Thus, after felling the trees, instead of chopping them into lengths, for the purpose of facilitating the operation of piling them preparatory to burning, which would have cost him too much labor, he resorted to the practice of "niggering," as it is called; which is simply at one end of the shanty, with a chimney, constructed of split laths, plastered with a mixture of clay and cowdung. As for windows, these were luxuries that could well be dispensed with; the open door was an excellent substitute for them in the daytime, and at night none were required. When I ventured to object to this arrangement, that he would have to keep the door shut in the winter time, the old man replied, in the style so characteristic of his country, "Shure it will be time enough to think of that when the could weather sets in." Everything about the house wore a Robinson Crusoe aspect, and though there was not any appearance of original plan or foresight, there was no lack of ingenious contrivance to meet every want as it arose.

Judy dropped us a low curtsey as we entered, which was followed by a similar compliment from a stout girl of twelve, and two or three more of the children, who all seemed to share the pleasure of their parents in receiving strangers in their unpretending tenement. Many were the apologies that poor Judy offered for the homely cheer she furnished us, and great was her delight at the notice we took of the "childher." She set little Biddy, who was the pride of her heart to reading the Bible; and she took down a curious machine from a shelf, which she had "conthrived out of her own head," as she said, for teaching the children to read. This was a flat box, or frame, filled with sand, which saved paper, pens, and ink. Poor Judy had evidently seen better days, but, with a humble and contented spirit, she blessed God for the food and scanty raiment their labor afforded them. Her only sorrow was the want of "idication" for the childrin.

She would have told us a long story about her trials and sufferings, before they had attained their present comparative comfort and independence, but, as we had a tedious scramble before us, through cedar-swamps, beaver-meadows, and the piny ridges, the "ould dragoon" cut her short, and we straightway started on our toilsome journey.

Simpson, in spite of a certain dash of melancholy in his composition, was one of those happy fellows of the "light heart and thin pair of breeches" school who, when they meet with difficulty or misfortune, never stop to measure its dimensions, but hold in their breath and run lightly over, as in crossing a bog, where to stand still is to sink.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fearfully and Wonderfully Made.

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import and feel their pertinence. A man the other day, while looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sandpit, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal, made a very *mal-adroit* use of one. "Ah!" said he, with the deepest humanity, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "*we* are fearfully and wonderfully made!"

The turkeys and chickens are beginning to roost high and far off.

The Prince of Wales was so delighted with the Hungarian national dance (the "Csardas") that he has made arrangements to introduce it to English society. It will be a feature at the fashionable London balls this season.

Several glass factories now cut the large cylinders of window glass by encircling the cylinder with a fine wire, which is then heated to redness by an electric current, and a drop of water being allowed to fall upon the hot glass, a perfectly clean cut is obtained. The old method was to draw out a fibre of white hot semi molten glass from the furnace by means of tongs, and to wrap it round the cylinder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

So-called "revolutions" in industry, consequent upon discovery and invention, follow one another so quickly in these days that we have well nigh lost the faculty of wonder, as "revolution" succeeds "revolution" with bewildering rapidity. One of the latest is said to be an approaching "revolution" in telegraphy owing to the alleged discovery by a Spanish savant of a method of sending despatches without the use of batteries. Preliminary tests in the presence of expert witnesses are said to have proved thoroughly successful.

We congratulate Mr. O'Connor very heartily on his victory over Teemer. It is something for Torontonians to be proud about, that in this young Irish Canadian they have a champion who seems so likely to prove himself a worthy successor of Hanlan, who may now be set down as out of the race. His day is done, and he must be content to yield the *pas* to younger men. He need not be jealous, however, as he has a brilliant record of victory on which to look back and content himself in the hour of his decrease. We trust that O'Connor will always show himself worthy of the respect as well as the admiration of the people of Toronto.

The recently formed plan of putting down the East African Slave Trade promises to be successful. It is to take the form of a strict blockade of the coast by the English and German fleets assisted so far by the French. By this arrangement it is expected that the imports necessary for carrying on the slave trade will be stopped and at the same time that there will be no outlet, and consequently no market for the slaves brought down to the coast. By this plan, combined with the encouragement of legitimate trade, it is very naturally expected that, as in the case of the West African slave trade, this accursed business along the Eastern shores of the continent will within a comparatively short time be altogether destroyed.

For years past the world has been watching with anxiety and protesting against the growth of European armaments, and the increase of the burden of taxation necessary for the maintenance thereof; yet the process still goes on. To-day Russia is seeking to borrow $100,000 000 for the purpose of keeping up her display of strength; Germany wants $60,000,000 in order to increase the size of her fleet; and England is seriously thinking of expending $50 000 000 in the same manner. What is all this to end in? If not war at an early period, with its frightful cost and its attendant horrors, is there not a danger that the over-burdened people may be driven to revolt against the tyranny and oppression of the system of militarism which is slowly grinding them into the dust?

As everybody who knew anything about the matter fully expected, the researches of the Mining Commission which the Ontario Government appointed, are confirming the opinion, that as yet the majority of Canadians have very faint conceptions of the mineral wealth of their country. There is iron ore in abundance, perhaps in inexhaustible abundance. There is silver. There is copper. There is marble, too, and much other buried wealth which will make coming generations rich and powerful, meanwhile the present generations seems to stand and gaze like Joshua's moon at Askelon, not knowing what to do about it. Capitalists are timid and will not risk loss in setting up blast furnaces, and giving us oscular demonstration, of what experts say is the fact, that we can manufacture as good iron as any on the continent.

The likelihoods seem to predict that with the present winter three of the most distin-

Saint Nicholas.

Saint Nicholas was the most popular of the saints in the Middle Ages. No other whose name is in the calendar was applied to by more people, or by those who were more unlike in character and circumstances. He was made the patron of the common people, of laborers, of prisoners, of slaves, of travellers, sailors, butchers, robbers, clerks, scholars, and in a very special manner of good girls and of boys. He has been made the patron saint of Russia much in the same way that St. George is the patron of England.

Of the life of this saint nothing is known with certainty. The most trustworthy account says that he was a native of Patara in Lycia. As to the time of his birth it is less confident. The supposed date is in the third century of our era, and his life possibly extended into the fourth century. He is mentioned most frequently as having lived under the reign of Constantine the Great.

Nicholas was Bishop of Myra in Lycia. About six hundred years after his death his body was removed from that place to Bari, on the Southeastern coast of Italy. He had already become famous at the time of this removal, and his reputation for performing miracles continued to grow rapidly.

As a specimen of what was reported to his credit, Sir Richard Torkington, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1517, tells the following: "We passed the Isle of Seynt Nicholas, where be tooles made of Iron that never lose their edgge by myracle of Seynt Nicholas; as they say—I saw it nott."

The day which, in the calendar, is dedicated to Saint Nicholas is the 6th of December. It is surprising to find the observance of that day postponed to the Christmas holidays. When the change took place, and how it was brought about, would not be easy to discover at this day. That this observance and our present usage of making presents at Christmas are one and the same practice will be seen from the following account of the custom given by an early English writer:

'From a very early day it has been customary, on the eve of St. Nicholas's Day, for children to put their stockings, shoes, or slippers in the bedrooms of those from whom they expect or desire favors, when, sure enough, next morning their little feet-pieces are replete with sweetmeats, toys, or coins."

The manner of observing St. Nicholas's Eve is described by a poet of two or three hundred years ago at considerable length. Room can be found here for only a few lines:

"Children on the eve do cause to fast;
And when they every one at night in senseless sleep are cast,
Both apples, nuts and pears they bring, and other things beside,
As caps, and shoes, and petticoats, which secretly they hide,
And in the morning found, they say, that this St. Nicholas brought."

This shows that at that time in England presents were made on the eve of the 6th of December instead of at Christmas, as now. In the Greek Church and in the north of Europe, however, schoolboys still invoke the liberality of St. Nicholas or Santa Claus, as he is now commonly called, on that night.

How St. Nicholas could become patron to characters so unlike as robbers and good boys is a matter now difficult to understand. There is a ballad relating to his patronage of boys which is one of the most popular ever written. Its story is as painful as that of the "Babes in the Wood." Strange it is that themes most harrowing are most

Notes for Women.

There are twenty-three women inspectors in the New York Custom House. Among them is a sister of Roscoe Conkling. They receive $21 per week.

And yet another American girl is to marry a foreigner and a title. The engagement is announced of Baron Von Schroeder, of the Prussian Imperial Guards, to Miss Pritchard, of Boston.

It is said that the death of Bonanza Banker Flood will give his daughter, Miss Jennie, $50,000,000 and make her the richest young woman in the world. She is fairly well to do now. It is related that one day as she was sitting in her sewing chair, her father dropped $2,500,000 of 4 per cent. U. S. bonds in her lap.

Some distinctive quality has always been associated in the public mind with the lady of the White House. With Mrs. Grant it was interest in national affairs; with Mrs. Hayes, Temperance; with Mrs. Cleveland, beauty, and with Mrs. Harrison it promises to be domesticity. Nearly all the items about her tell of her doing her own marketing and praise her skill as a housekeeper.

A letter from Alabama tells of a girl "who can drive like Jehu, ride and shoot like a cowboy, run like a professional and swim like a duck. She will go rowing with no company but her dog and gun, and she can drop her oars, spring to her feet with her gun and shoot a marsh hen or a grosbeak without rocking the boat or misplacing the oars. She sleeps on pillows of down from birds and ducks killed by her own hand, and expects by next spring to have enough feathers of the same kind to make a feather bed."

Mrs. Harrison is an enthusiastic china painter and showed a correspondent the other day with pride a set of salad and fruit plates carefully painted under the instruction of a skilful Dresden artist now in Indianapolis. Each plate was decorated with the separate ingredients of a salad. One bore a delicate spray of celery, another bore a sliced lemon or a bit of lettuce, another a red tomato cut in half, and so on through the order of pickles, carrots, olives, cucumbers and purple beets. The fruit plates were finely designed with different fruit—currents, gooseberries, plums and grapes. Among other gems were a water color of pansies and a large square tile with chrysanthemums.

Twenty-five years ago the now Princes of Wales and future Queen of England was living on the third floor of a corner house in Copenhagen, and her father, who no one ever dreamed then of being a King, was poorer than many a burgher in the same street. She and her two sisters, now the Czarine of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland, occupied the same room, scantily furnished, and instead of a wardrobe a curtain drawn across the wall hid the pegs on which their few dresses hung. They had never worn a silk dress in their lives. Now Alexandra doubtless has all the dresses she wants, but it is more than likely that she looks back with pleasure upon those years is the happiest of her life.

Almost any morning about 3 o'clock in Charleston, S.C, a lady who has nerve, not nerves, may be seen going home from her work. She is proofreader for The Charleston World. She comes from a family which is known both for brains and pluck. Her duties take her to the office of the newspaper about 8 o'clock every night and detain her there until 3 the next morning. But she does not rely upon mere courage. She carries a loaded revolver in one hand and a lantern in the other. The police keep a lookout for her goings and comings, and a lookout as she passes their beats. She is a

as any on the continent.

The likelihoods seem to predict that with the present winter three of the most distinguished Englishmen of this generation,—or rather perhaps it would be more strictly correct to say of the passing generation—will have passed away. One of these is a famous poet, another is an equally famous Ecclesiastic, known perhaps as widely by his world renowned hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," as by his theological services or opinions, and the third is a not less famous Statesman. One is a large Episcopalian, one an ardent Catholic, and one a conscientious Quaker, All three names, it is safe to say, are carved high on the list of the Immortal. All of them are worthy of memorials in the shrine which England has dedicated to the worship of her God, and the memory of her best and greatest. It is hardly necessary to say that we refer to Lord Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, and Mr. John Bright.

They have a Board of Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners in the State of Minnesota, which, acting under instructions from the State Legislature, has been probing the question of the best method of heating railroad cars, and has reached conclusions which are likely to be embodied in useful legislation during the winter. They unhesitatingly condemn the car stove, an antiquated abomination around which there should by this time have gathered associations of horror enough to banish it henceforth, for all time. It is not by any means a question of having the cars heated by stoves, or not heated at all, for the perfect feasibility of adapting steam heat has already been tried by the Rock Island road, as mentioned last week, among others. May the day soon come when our Canadian roads also will of their own accord free their patrons in this way from fears of roasting. If they do not, some means will have to be found of forcing their hand, with more or less decisiveness.

Amid all the pessimistic outcry about the former timer having been better than these, it is pleasant to notice from the regular official returns that the prison population of Britain is always becoming smaller while the general increase of inhabitants proceeds as usual. In the course of ten years the number of prisoners in England and Wales sank from 20,833 to 14,536 a diminution of 30 per cent. from 1877, to 1887. Another very gratifying fact is that the reduction in the number of female prisoners has been greater than among the males, for while the falling off in the number of men has been only 25.3 per cent. the falling off of the female prisoners has been 41.2 per cent. If a still wider range of view is taken the conclusions to be drawn are still more gratifying. During the last quarter of a century the lowest number of prisoners was in 1852.3. when there was a prison population of 16 700, out of a total population of 18,400,000. This shows that last year, with ten million more people, there were 2000 fewer prisoners than there were thirty-six years ago. It would be well if the same thing could be said of all the countries the world over, and so far this can be said. As a general rule the criminal population is not increasing so rapidly as it used to do.

Results of Mouth Breathing.

Many disease germs enter through an open mouth. The mouth was not made for breathing, but for eating and speaking. The nose was made for breathing, and the air, passing through the long, moist nasal passages, is purified, and leaves behind dust, disease germs and various impurities, while the air is warmed and tempered for the lungs. But when the mouth is left open, dust, dirt and disease rush down into the lungs and, fastening there, develop and destroy the whole system.—[Boston Budget.

ever written. Its story is as painful as that of the "Babes in the Wood." Strange it is that themes most harrowing are most popular.

As to this saint's patronage of robbers, we only know that such was the relation. High waymen were called St. Nicholas's clerks Rowley says, "I think yonder come prancing down the hills, from Kingston a couple of St. Nicholas's clerks's."

Christ's Sympathy for Toilers.

When a man's heart is crushed within him by the galling tyranny of sense; when, from the dawning of the day till the setting of the sun, and for hours beyond it, he is compelled to gather straw for Egypt's bricks, and to bake them in the world's scorching kiln, till the spring of life is dried up within, and he is ready to say, let me but eat and drink and sleep, for there is nothing real but this endless task-work; then, how sweet to say to one's self: "And a cloud received him out of their sight." Yes, just out of sight, but as certainly as if the eye could pierce it, there is a heaven all bright, all pure, all real; there is One there who has my very nature, in it toiled as ceaselessly as the most care-worn and world-lader of us all, having no house, and no leisure so much as to eat. He is there—His warfare accomplished, His life's labour fulfilled: He is there, at rest, yet still working, working for me, bearing me upon his heart, feeling for and feeling with me, in each trial and in each temptation; and not feeling only, but praying too, with that intercession which is not only near but inside God; and not interceding only, but also ministering grace hour by hour, coming into me with the very thought and recollection of good, that exact purpose, and resolution and aspiration, which is needed to keep me brave and to keep me pure.—[Dr. C. J. Vaughan.]

Tussel With a Big Catamount.

While George Hardy and his son, a lad of thirteen, were hunting opossums in the wooded country adjoining Bennett's Mills, Ohio, ther dogs treed what was supposed to be one of the animals they were hunting. Hardy lit a torch and stationed the boy some distance off, and approached the tree to get a shot at the beast, when he was horrified to see the animal springing through the air directly toward his son. It struck the little fellow and bore him to the ground, its claws, clutching in the clothing on his shoulder, tearing away a large chunk of flesh. Mr. Hardy rained heavy blows on its back and head with a club. The catamount left the boy and sprang at the man, its teath fastening in the heavy lapel of his overcoat, which was buttened closely about the neck. It would have seized his throat but for the heavy goods warding off the attack. By this time the dogs had seized the beast and dragged it to the ground, where after a hard battle in which the dogs, Hardy and the boy all joined, it was dispatched. The boy was terribly scratched about the shoulder and left side of the face. The father escaped with the loss of his overcoat and a few deep cuts on his chin and jaw. The catamount measured nearly five feet, and is one of the heaviest animals of its kind ever seen in this section.

His Sore Nose.

"Oh, Mr. De Groom, ain t your nose awful sore?" Mr. De Groom—"Why, no, Etta; what made you think so?" Etta—"Oh, mamma said you had your nose down to the grindstone ever since you were married, an' I thought it must be awful sore by this time."

She carries a loaded revolver in one hand and a lantern in the other. The police keep a lookout for her goings and comings, and a lookout as she passes their beats. She is a maiden lady and the task is unpleasant, but she considers it a duty to work, and what "her hands find to do" she does is with all her might."

Tongue Testers.

The popularity of Peter Piper's celebrated peck of pickled peppers will probably never wane as a snare to catch the tongue that would fain be agile; but that test has formidable rivals. The following short sentences, as their authors maintain, do wonders in baffling the ordinary power of speech:—

Gaze on the gay grav brigade.

The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.

Sarah in a shawl shovelled soft snow softly.

She sells sea shells.

A cup of coffee in a copper coffee-pot.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

A Story of Lord Westbury.

The London "Athenæum" preserves this story of the late Lord Chancellor Westbury—"In his later life, when he was sitting regularly on the Judical Committee of the Privy Council, he met ex-Chief Justice Erle, and asked him why he did not attend. "For three very good and sufficient reasons," said Sir William Erle: "because I am old, because I am deaf, and because I am stupid.' "Those are not impediments," said Lord Westbury; "—— is very old, —— is very deaf, and—— is very stupid, and yet we four make an excellent court."

Blighted Ambition.

Billy—Hello, Jimmy! Why don't you oome out an' play wid the fellers?

Jimmy—I dassen't.

Billy—What for?

Jimmy—You know that book we was readin' out in de barn? Well, I run away and was goin' to be de "Scourge o' de Plains," but before I got to the Sout' Side, pop ketched me.

Billy—Aw, come on out.

Jimmy—I dassen't. Pop took my pants and hid 'em.

A Redeeming Feature.

Dismal dude—"Life has no charms for me. I sometimes think I wish I were dead."

Miss Blunt—"Well, there is one comfort about suicide. It usually strikes the right person."

Indoor Games for Winter.

As cold weather and our deadly northern winter comes again to shut us up, some indoors and some in the grave, there are games with balls to help drive the destroyer away. All these are good. They bring every muscle into play and especially train the eye, as it follows the flying sphere to and fro, to swift accommodation of vision. Battledore and shuttlecock, played in a cool hall or large room, is next best to tennis, and it is astonishing how much sport may be gained therefrom.

Trimming fur is seldom used about the bottom of fur or cloth coats, but silk and brocade pelisses are sometimes bound all around with fur.

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HIS GOOD LUCK.

Continued from first page.

cause to suspect that I was unhappy. The quiet happiness which shone day after day in her face became a joy to me. It even rebuked me, too. It was plain that she loved me devotedly; and she was so unselfish in her love, so wise, so sensible that I soon found myself admiring her. In the wish to do everything possible for her in order to recompense her for the love I did not have to give her, I thought of trying to remedy her defective hearing. We went to Philadelphia for that purpose. The best aurist in the city made an examination and at once assured us that the trouble was caused by a slight obstruction which would yield readily to simple treatment. In two months Laura returned perfectly cured.

Then I began to notice what a very bright woman my wife was, and she seemed to grow sunnier and sweeter every hour. In less than six months I loved her a thousand times more, it seemed to me, than I had ever loved Alma. When I began to realize I blessed Fate over and over again for giving me my own, even through such incomprehensible ways. "I might have known it," I said to myself. "I always expected to have happiness in my home, and I might have been sure of it, although the light refused to shine for awhile."

At the end of a year I was so infatuated with my lovely little wife that I told her the story of how I came to marry her. That she regarded as the best possible proof of my love for her. Then she confessed to me that she had loved me almost from the hour when she first saw me, but had imagined that I cared for Alma. Yet when I met her on that New Year's morning with such extraordinary cordiality her heart rather than her reason caused the misunderstanding. Yet she declares to this day that what she seemed to hear was, "I love you. Come and let me make you happy all the days of my life." Perhaps my wiser self spoke to her in some silent, heartward way and I knew it not. At all events I am grateful that she thought she heard these words if I didn't say them.

I did not see Alma for five years. Then I wondered how I ever could have loved her. She was still beautiful, of course; but devoted to a life of fashion and show, and was not at all the woman I had imagined she would be. She never knew how she had figured in the romance of my life.

You see, I always expected good luck and always got it, but not always in the way I had expected. After my blundering marriage turned out so well I never doubted my Spanish proverb again. It has never failed me throughout my life, and I will be eighty in December. If I were to preach a sermon to young people every day in the week, I think the concluding sentence would always be: "Expect good luck and you will get it." If I could send a New Year's message to every soul on the earth it would be to expect the good. Put it on your New

"WALKING EGYPT."

A Singular New Year Custom Among the Negroes of the South.

F the old slave customs of the southern states, now that the negroes have been free for nearly a quarter of a century, many are obsolete. The "old sperretuals," as the aged colored Christians call their peculiar hyms, are either given up entirely or modernized and refined till they are barely recognizable. But as the old goes and the new takes its place, we can still see—and it is a "persistence of type" worth the attention of philosophers—that the genius of the original African is still there. The song may be an adaptation from Watts' Hymns; but all the same it is an Africanized Watts.

When a traveler or man of science attends a "colored revival" in the back districts of the gulf states and hears this roaring chorus from one thousand throats—

I see St. Petah a standin' in the do',
Dip in the Golden Sea!
An' all my frien's what went befo',
Dip in the Golden Sea!
O, dip me, bathe me, sistahs, you;
O, brothers, won't you help me through?
We'll all ride behind the milk white steeds—
An' dip in the Golden Sea.

he perceives at once that this is African, not Saxon, imagery. And by the eye of scientific faith he can look back 300 years to the time when the ancestors of these people, under the palm or on the sandy shore, sang and rioted in praise of Bennamucka or Mumbo Jumbo.

The negroes have also had one experience common to all freed people. At first there was a violent reaction against everything that belonged to slave times; they carefully discarded the most trifling customs which might serve to imply a slave origin. By and by, when their freedom was an assured thing and taken as a matter of course, there was a counter reaction; they took up the old songs and customs, but gave them a tone that implied a sense of deliverance. Thus, "Roll, Jordan, roll," became an emancipation song, and "Old Nicodemus" was completely transformed. And by a similar evolution one phase of the old "Juba dance" became "Walking Egypt." This is, in plain English, only a mildly religionized form of the walking dance or dancing walk which the Africans, like all heathen people, have always had. The Indians' "corn dance" and "sun dance" are but variations of the same thing.

But "Walking Egypt," as it now is, dates from emancipation, and is performed on New Year's eve—that is, when they "watch the old year out and the new year in." One description, by a white lady who saw it from the gallery of a Georgia church, is as follows:

"The leader took his place on the floor and began the wild, half barbaric chant; then one by one, as the excitement grew, the others followed. Soon the whole line was in a tremor of excitement, and shouts and improvised lines like these:

Who's dat yondah dressed in black?
Oh, it's an angel dressed in black.

"The walk is by a slight forward jerk of the foot. As the walkers warmed to their work and grew wilder in their movements it was easy to see why the better educated colored people are opposed to the walk; for the men and women took most abandoned attitudes. The scene recalled pictures of the orgies of 'hashish' maddened fanatics. The walk went on for hours, up one aisle and down the

SWEARING OFF.

OR, HOW A NEW LEAF IS SOMETIMES TURNED OVER.

This is the day of all the days, when everybody thinks it pays to overturn a brand new leaf. This is the day when all our grief is heightened by the past year's sin. This is the day when we grow thin reflecting over last year's fun and thinking what we might have done.

Heigh O! I'm sad, now it's too late when I remember '88. Think of the money I have spent. Think of the bills (Great Scott! the rent!) 'Bout all I've done is earn my bread. My boy, you ought to soak your head! What use are you upon this earth? Why, pshaw! I tell you you're not worth the powder that would blow you up. I'm blue today. Well, well, my cup is very full. It makes me mad to think that I have been so bad.

But after all, what is the use? What's done is done. Come, come! a truce. My boy, brace up, 'twill be O.K. a hundred years from yesterday. It does no earthly good to fret. The thing is done, and vain regret won't make it better. Come, don't pine; 'twill be all right in '89. All right? Well, I should faintly smile. You bet; I've done with all past guile.

This raking up of chestnuts old is all played out. The day'll be cold when you observe upon my brow such wrinkles as were there just now. It's just as plain as day to me the reason we unhappy be. My son, it's will power, that is all. Exert it, and Old

Nick will fall. Why, all you've got to do is say "I won't!" By George! it's just as plain as day. Let's see, I'd better make a list, so that nothing will e'er be missed.

No more I'll thrum the gay guitar and wake the neighbors near and far. I'll make no bets, nor will I spring old chestnuts from the circus ring upon my friends, nor will I seek to borrow money on my cheek. I'll wake up in the morning bright, and in the dark I'll strike a light and start the fire while my poor wife in bed is lengthening her life. I'll hustle round and put in coal and saw up wood, upon my soul! I'd better keep a diary, too, to chronicle what I will do. No more tobacco! I have spoke. By Jove! a man's a fool to smoke. And in re-

think the concluding sentence would always be: "Expect good luck and you will get it." If I could send a New Year's message to every soul on the earth it would be to expect the good. Put it on your New Year's cards. Write it in your letters. Tell it to the little people. Keep it ever in mind. Believe in it and live by it. The true philosophy of life is in it. "Expect good luck and you will get it."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

The year is dead! Oh, no! oh, no!
The year still lives! oh, ho! oh, ho!
The rain and wind have ceased, and so
Long life, New Year, to you!
All sounds are hushed, above, below;
Soft on the pane the snow! the snow!
A winding sheet that husheth all
In lowly hut or lordly hall—
A winding sheet for the Old Year—No!
A mantle for the New!

Presentation

The close of school in S. S. No. 17, Ernesttown, was made the occasion of the following presentation and address:

MR. N. A. ASSELSTINE:

Dear Teacher,—We, the scholars who have been permitted to attend the school which has been taught here by you, wish to give some tangible proof of the attachment and regard which we have for you as our teacher by presenting to you this book of poems, written by Mrs. Hemans, which we trust you will accept, and hold with kindly remembrances of us, wherever your future lot may be cast; and always be assured that you have the kind wishes of those who have attended your school in this place.

Signed on behalf of the scholars by

GEORGE ROBSON,
EDNA STORMS,
ETHEL CLARKE.

Mr. Asselstine, in reply, assured them that he would always retain very pleasant memories of his stay of eight and a half years among them as their teacher; and that they should always have a warm place in his affections. He would always feel a keen interest in their future welfare, and be rejoiced at their prosperity, but above all he hoped they should always aim at doing what was right. He assured them that after all this was the one important thing which would secure joys that would outlast the fleeting years of this life. If he should find boys and girls in his next school, as good as those he was leaving, he was certain of a successful career among them.

Mrs. N. Storms then led in singing, "When we all gather home in the morning," and teacher and scholars parted, hoping for many reunions here, and a grand reunion hereafter.

PERSONAL.

—Dr A. Carscallen, of Morris, Man., is on a visit to friends in this section.

—Mrs. T. N. Denyes, of Odessa, is visiting at her mother's, Mrs. Anderson, Centre-st.

—Mr. Alf Knight is moving to town, having taken a house near the east ward school.

—Dr Elizabeth Emory, of Belleville, spent Christmas in town at the home of her parents.

—Mr. Elias T. York, of Oswego, is spending his holidays with his mother, south Napanee.

—Mr N. A. Asselstine, who has for some years taught at S.S. No. 17, Ernesttown, takes charge of the Tamworth school for 1889.

—F. R. Blewett, of Read, Read & Knight, Barristers, Toronto, spent Christmas in town at his father's, John Blewett's.

—Mr. Robert E. Gregory and sister, of Kingston, spent their Christmas holidays at their uncle's residence, John S. Pumps, South Napanee.

—We were pleased to receive a call this week from Mr Charles Allison, of the Peterboro Examiner. He spent Christmas with his mother here.

—Wednesday morning Mr. Jas. H. Gallagher bid his many friends in town good-bye, as he started at noon for 'merrie England.' As Jim's hand was shaken he was wished a pleasant journey and safe return. In this THE EXPRESS joins.

Multum In Parvo.

There is much in a little, as regards Burdock Blood Bitters. You do not have to take quarts and gallons to get at the medicine it contains. Every drop in every dose has medical virtue as a blood purifying, system regulating tonic.

people are opposed to the walk; for the men and women took most abandoned attitudes. The scene recalled pictures of the orgies of 'hashish' maddened fanatics. The walk went on for hours, up one aisle and down the other, new ones taking the place of those

"WALKING EGYPT."

who dropped out exhausted; and at daylight several of the participators were down on their knees, still crawling around the church."

The "Egypt" part of it is an evident reference to the "Walk" of the Israelites out of bondage, for that is a parallel case in the mind of every freedman. But in prosaic fact the "walk" is only one of the thousand ways in which undeveloped people mingle the religious manifestations with the social, the musical and finally the voluptuous. And, of course, as the excitement increases the first element yields to the second and both to the last. In short, the walk is but the survival of some old African fetich worship, and is therefore possible only among the undiluted blacks of the most ignorant class. It is simple matter of truth and justice to add that no freed people in history have ever progressed faster than the negroes; and if they maintain their present rate of development, another generation will see the last of "Walking Egypt."

A Siamese New Year.

All Siamese birthdays are celebrated at New Year's, and at this time the curious custom of "hair cutting" is observed. When a boy reaches the age of 11 or 15, and a girl that of 9 or 13, they are considered no longer children. Up to this time a tuft of hair is allowed to grow just above the forehead, and is always dressed with great care. It is twisted into a graceful knot and held together with a long gold or jeweled pin. At the base of this knot is worn a wreath of fragrant white flowers. The ceremonies of hair cutting often last five or six days. It is the "coming out party" of the boy or girl, and thereafter they are not permitted to mingle with the other sex as children, but are considered to have arrived at a marriageable age.

A Happy New Year! Why not? The path of duty is the path of safety ever, and the separations of the good are for time alone. We are moving in a veritable journey. Our earthboat swims through seas of light sustained by the power that launched it into space.

Have your shrubbery in the front yard boxed up on New Year's day. We once knew a Galveston caller, an otherwise estimable young man, to tumble down the front steps of a lordly mansion and break a valuable tree all to flinders with his head.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE EXPRESS."

her life. I'll hustle round and put in coal and saw up wood, upon my soul! I'd better keep a diary, too, to chronicle what I will do. No more tobacco! I have spoke. By Jove! a man's a fool to smoke. And in regard to spending cash I'll not throw it away on trash. This year ha! ha! by hook or crook, I'll put down figures in a book. I'll save? Let's see, well I should say, a cool five hundred in this way. No more you'll catch me out of nights. How transitory those delights. I tell you, will power is the thing. I've seen my day. I've had my fling.

Hello, who's there? Come in. Why, Jack, my boy, how came you back so soon? I'm glad you're here. Come, shake, old man. A Glad New Year. Sit down. Can't stay? Why what's on hand? No, no, my boy, I've too much sand. What's up? Yes? Well, who'll be there? Only this time. Don't know's I care. Remember then, this once I'll go; but after this no more. No; no. Oh, what a jolly time 'twill be! Only this once, mind. Whoopee! What is the use of feeling down in heart? We'll go and paint the town!

TOM MASSON.

LONG LIFE.

Oh! bright New Year, with snow white train,
Oh! glad New Year, you've come again;
Covering the earth, its every stain,
With snow white train from mount to main,
May good live on in you!
The beautiful and true!
Long life, long life to you!

Points for New Year's Callers.

Before starting out borrow the clothes you propose to wear from some dear friend who is fool enough to lend them to you.

When you desire to light your cigar, don't attempt to climb a lamp post for that purpose, as your motives are liable to be misunderstood.

P. Slaven & Co

regret very much that they could not hold the auction sales they advertised at the beginning of the month. The fact is that we had such a rush of retail customers that it was impossible to attend to both.

Next week, however, we will positively sell by auction a large stock of Carpets, Curtains, Tweeds, Mantle Cloths, Flannels, Ready-made Clothing, Underclothing, Horse Covers, Sleigh Robes, and a large assortment of general dry goods.

The sale will be held in the Sexsmith store, next door, on every Wednesday and Friday afterncon.

The store will be well heated and seats provided for the ladies, and good order kept.

E. K. BOWEN, Auctioneer.

In the meantime we are selling all the goods that we had on the 1st of December at cost price in both stores.

P. SLAVEN & CO.

THE MARKETS

EXPRESS OFFICE,
Napanee, Dec. 28, 1888.

Fa Wheat	$1 07	....
Spring Wheat	10	....
Bran per ton	16 00	17 00
Shorts per ton	2 00	22 00
Barley	55	60
Peas	65	....
Oats	35	37
Rye	65	....
Buckwheat	35	38
Beef, hind quarter	4 00	....
fore quarter	3 50	....
Mutton per lb	7	....
Lamb per lb	8	....
Hogs per cwt	7 00	7 70
Butter per lb (roll)	23	25
do (tub)	16	18
Eggs per doz	18	20
Potatoes per bag	40	60
Apples per bag	40	75
do bbl	1 00	1 25
Turkeys	50	1 25
Geese	40	50
Ducks per pair	50	70
Chickens per pair	25	40
Hay per ton	15 00	....
Straw per load	3 00	....
Beef hides per cwt	3 00	4 00
Partridges per brace	30	35
Geese feathers	50	60
Mixed feathers	40	50
Fox skins	50	80
Mink skins	20	40
Sheepskins	50	60
Pelts	60	75

NAPANEE :: WOOLEN :: MILLS

We beg to intimate to our patrons and the public generally that the Woolen Mills at Napanee are in first-class order, turning out work second to none in this part of the province.

One sett kept running on imported wool of the finest quality. We are prepared to give you goods as fine as made in large mills.

A full line of Tweeds, Fullcloths, Flannels, Sheetings, Blankets, etc., of our own manufacture constantly on hand, which is guaranted as to workmanship and material.

Also on hand a full stock of imported goods direct from manufacturers.

Special attention called to our yarns. The finest quality made from imported and Canadian pure wool. All grades and colors

The highest price paid for wool in trade OR CASH

Spinning 10 cents per pound. Roll carding 4 cents per pound

Dundas-st., Napanee. McKAY & CO.

J. GIBBARD & SON,

MANUFACTURERS,

Are always ahead in Styles and Cheapest in Price

Geese feathers	55	60
Mixed feathers	40	50
Fox skins	50	80
Mink skins	20	40
Sheepskins	50	60
Pelts	60	75
Wool	18	20
Cordwood per cord	4 50	

— THE —

MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office—TORONTO.

Sir John A. Macdonald, Pres.

J. B. CARLISLE, Man. D'tor.

—o—

Authorized Capital $2,000,000. The most successful company in Canada. The business in the Life and Accident department is over $30,000 a day. Low Rates Popular Plans.

Agents wanted in this section

E. HOOPER, General Agt. Napanee
W. H. CADMAN, Adolphustown.
WILSON & MORRISON,
Managers for Eastern Ontario, Peterborough Ont
3488al

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The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that he has the

Big Mill Running Again

And is now in a better position than ever to do risting of all kinds. Grists ground on he shortest notice.

The best brands of flour and feed always on hand

J R DAFOE

P. S.—A large quantity of bran on hand

Thomas Symington

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Flour, Feed & Provisions of all kinds.

FINEST INDIAN TEA A SPECIALTY

Direct Importer of Field & Garden Seeds.

BALED HAY

always on hand.

60,000 GOOD HARD BRICK FOR SALE

Agent for the L. & L. Fire Insurance Co. Sign of the Thistle. South side Dundas street, Napanee. [illegible] 3388

MANUFACTURERS,

Are always ahead in Styles and Cheapest in Price

We are now selling a good Walnut Frame, Plush Covered, Parlor Suite for $45 Haircloth Setts for $40 Special sale now on in Walnut Bedroom Setts We offer a good $40 Walnut Bedroom Sett for $30, net cash Our Hardwood Bedroom Sett at $15 is the best for the money in Ontario You can buy a Sideboard, hardwood, panel end, for $8 In fact, for Couches, Extension Tables, Centre Tables and Bedsteads, our prices are below any house in Ontario We give personal attention to our

FUNERAL DEPARTMENT,

and keep ahead in adding every new idea in the shape of Pedestals, Trusses, Floor Cloths, Mourning Badges, etc, and have spent much time and expense in learning to preserve the dead so that no discoloration or unpleasant odor takes place, and during the past year our patrons must have appreciated the marked improvements introduced by us in this department We think it no trouble to be personally called night or day to attend to our duties as funeral directors We keep the largest and best stock of Caskets, Robes, Trimmings, etc, in the counties, and will not be undersold by any house

4788m J. GIBBARD & SON

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed a night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth f so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winlow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price 25c bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

3088ly

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French Regulation Pills,

Far superior to Ergot, Tansy, Pennyroyal or Oxide. Endorsed by thousands of ladies who use them MONTHLY. Never fail. Relieve pain, INSURE REGULARITY, Pleasant and Effectual. Price $2. Toronto Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. 5288mtf

ATLAS

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Insures mercantile property, private residences, Farm and every class of insurable risks at lowest rates, Losses promptly adjusted and paid. EDMUND HOOPER, Agent.

FREE $85 solid GOLD WATCH Sold for $100 until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE. How is this possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 3 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the SOLID GOLD watch and COSTLY samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure FREE one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 812, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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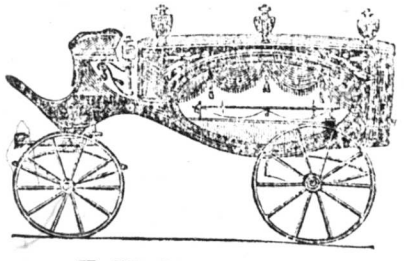

E. M. McKim Jr.

Has a large stock of coffins, caskets, robes, crape gloves and badges, constantly on hand, and all sold at reasonable prices. A first-class hearse furnished.

A full line of cabinetware always on hand, bought from the best makers at close figures and will be sold at lowest rates. Repairing promptly done.

25871y E. M. McKIM, JR, Tamworth

THE LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Is confined exclusively to isolated farm property and is devoted to the interests of the farmers of the counties of Lennox and Addington, Frontenac and East Hastings.

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The Board meets at the Company's office on the first Tuesday in each month at 2 P. M.

Napanee Feb. 14th, 1887 2288ly

MONEY TO LOAN.

I am prepared to lend money in sum $400 and upwards on the security of first mortgage, Farm and Town Property

A 6, 6½ & 7 PER CENT. STRAIGHT

No fines nor commission paid by borrower. I am also prepared to buy or sell promissory notes of undoubted security.

Insurance policies granted on nearly all classes of property in first-class Stock Companies at bottom price. Firs-class farm and isolated property insured at 15c. per $100 for 3 years.

Correspondence solicited T G. DAVIS
2288ly Insurance and Money Loaning Agent

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

REDUCED FARES !

SINGLE FARE,

on December 24th and 25th, etc return December 26th. Also on December 31st and January 1st good to return January 2nd.

Fare & One-third

good to go any day between December 21st and January 1st and to return till January 3rd. CHILDREN, HALF-FARE.

J L BOYES,
Ticket Agent,
G N W Tel Co, Napanee

2238ly

Sillsville.

Miss Hattie Sills is visiting friends in Belleville.

Mr. G. B. Card has moved to his new home at Enterprise.

Mr. Shultz and wife, from Vermont, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Martin Hough.

The Rev. R. S. Forneri visited a poor family in this vicinity on Tuesday, and provided them with a good supply of food. Let other christians take example.

Gull Creek.

On Saturday night last, it rained sleet so that it was dangerous to travel. Mr. George Webb, who that night was returning home, fell and was badly hurt. It is said that he had to be carried home.

Three bears which were captured during last week, were noticed hanging at the road side opposite Mr. J. F. Lott's residence. Many an offer has been made for them but hitherto the offers were not accepted.

Hawley.

The missionary meeting was not largely attended, owing to the unfavorable weather, but the Christmas tree entertainment was a complete success. The singing, recitations, readings and dialogues, were very efficient, exhibiting the good training they received by O. Fretts, Superintendent; Miss A. Bristol, Mrs D. Fretts and others. The Kinder garten, under the training of Miss McManis, Teacher, was fine. The tree was adorned with many beautiful and costly presents. The Rev H. I. Allen (Pastor) was the recipient of $16 and a big turkey as a Xmas gift by his many friends, too numerous to mention.

Violet.

Mr. G. Shea says he experiences cold weather driving mail.

Mr. Nathan Lighthall is Mr. Charles Snider's sawyer. They do good work.

Mr. Herbert Robinson and Mr. John Hunter talk of having a hunt back on the Bald mountains. Good luck to you.

Mr. George Shea and Herbert Bateson arrived home safe and sound on Thursday from their hunt. They report the deer numerous.

Mr. Stephen Bennett has pulled his old house down on main street, and talks of building on Church street, opposite the carriage factory.

Selby.

Adolphustown and Fredericksburg.

The Rev. J. C. Ash tenders his thanks to friends in Fredericksburg for providing a pair of handsome turkeys for his Xmas table.

At Parma on Xmas we, the s chool house was packed almost to suffocation at the Xmas tree. Under the efficient superintendency of Mrs. Griffith, the S. S. in this locality, started only the past summer, has attained to a high degree of prosperity, and is an example of what an earnest, godly woman may accomplish for the public good. She received many loving testimonials from the school.

The Methodist Memorial Church, Adolphustown, held its annual festival on Xmas night, and while many feared a total failure on account of bad weather, it proved to be a marvelous success. Proceeds $36. Henceforth, this people must bear the palm for a spirit of undaunted courage in carrying forward their church enterprises in the face even of untoward conditions and circumstances. A New Year's festival will be held in the Methodist Church No 1, South Fredericksburg, on New Year's night, and no effort will be spared by the management to make it equal to their reputation for getting up firstrate tea-meetings. Rev. Messrs Peake, of Morven, Allen of Bath, and others may be expected.

The various Xmas gatherings in this locality have been singularly successful considering the unfavorable weather that has prevailed. On Friday last, though the storm had raged all day, the Conway Church was comfortably filled at the Xmas tree in the interests of the S. School. Mr. Frank D. Price, late S. Teacher at Sandhurst, and who is about moving to Napanee, has thrown himself with great vigour into our S. S. work here, and under his superintendency a very acceptable programme was submitted to the people. Among other expressions of good-will was the presentation to Mr. Joshua Cadman, an honored local preacher, of a valuable fur robe and a pair of horse blankets, as a testimonial of regard for the public services he has so cheerfully rendered. There are but few men in the county whose services have been more in demand for funerals, and especially among the poor, and it was felt that this expression of obligation and friendship was richly deserved; and the Conway friends are to be commended for taking the initiative in the matter.

Odessa.

Happy New Year,

Johnie McDermitt is home from N. Y. state.

Charlie Mabee, N. Y. state, is home for holidays.

Rev. and Mrs. Quartermaine spent Xmas at Brockville.

Alphena Hartman, of G. T. Ry., arrived home Monday.

David Huycke has returned for a few days from Deseronto.

J. A. Timmerman is spending the festive season at Ivanhoe, Ont.

Henry and Mrs. Smith and Georgie Watts are spending the holidays at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Braun, of Drayton, Ont., are visiting at Henry Benjamin's.

Dr. Millard Mabee, Milford, Mr and Mrs. McGuire, Ottawa, are home for Xmas.

We hung up our sock Christmas eve. What s'pose we got in it. Eh? why a hole in the heel.

The bazars and concerts on the 13th and 18th by the Methodists and Angelicans were quite successful.

Rev. Mr. Peake, of Morven, preached the anniversary sermons of the Odessa Methodist church Sunday eve.

Mr. Fraser, of Walhalla, Dak., Geo. Walker, Kingston, Dan. Gorden, Watertown, N. Y., were home for Christmas.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Sketches of Scenes in the Court Room, Taken on the Spot.

The British are now enjoying (if it can be called enjoyment) one of their peculiar "state trials," of the kind that make up so large a part of England's political history. The phrase "state trial" does not necessarily mean that the government is the prosecutor,

AMENITIES OF OPPOSING COUNSEL.

for, as in this case, the suit may be nominally between private parties, and yet the "government," meaning the party in power in the house of commons, and from which the cabinet is selected, be the real party in interest. In such cases, contrary to all American ideas of fair dealing, the attorney general often acts for the party who is on the "government" side. The annexed engraving represents the attorney general, Sir Richard Webster, opening the case, with the associate counsel and other "big wigs" grouped around him.

Sir Charles Russell, leading counsel for the Irish members, is one of the most suave of gentlemen, and maintains the most cordial personal relations with the opposing counsel; but the American reader who notes the sharp passages between them in the course of the examination may incline to consider this much like the quasi friendly handshake between two pugilists just before they proceed to the serious business of smashing each other's countenances out of all likeness to humanity.

As all American readers know, the question of home rule for Ireland has roused all the fury possible between belligerent Celt and stubborn Saxon; and it was only natural that the organization of the Land League and the attempts of the British authorities in Ireland to suppress it should lead to what is called "agrarian outrages." And as there are always hotheaded and revengeful individuals, there have been some murders, of which the most noted was the assassination of Cavendish and Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin. Following this The London Times published a series of articles headed "Parnellism and Crime," charging the responsibility for these murders upon the Parnellites. Finally, it published alleged letters of Mr. Parnell justifying the murders. Messrs. Parnell and Egan promptly denounced these letters as forgeries. Hence the suit—nominally a civil suit, but really an attempt to determine judicially whether the Irish members of parliament have been inciting to outrage and murder.

It is, therefore, a trial of the greatest political importance—so important that the government consented to set aside the regular judicial machinery and have the case tried by a commission of eminent judges.

house down on main street, and talks of building on Church street, opposite the carriage factory.

Selby.

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The Weekly Advertiser, including copy of the beautiful picture "The Falls of Niagara"	1 75
The Toronto World	2 50
The Weekly Globe and Rural Canadian	2 00
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—FROM—

THE POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE.

LAHEY & McKENTY

Thank you for the largest year's business we have ever had. We thank you especially for the way you have crowded our store during the Cost Sale epidemic and congratulate you on your judgment of real values and ourselves on getting these values right. We have not made much money perhaps, but we have a proof that we have protected the interests of our customers and always given you THE CHEAPEST GOODS ANYWHERE.

We wish you "A Prosperous New Year."

THE POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE,

Rennie Block,
Napanee.

LAHEY & McKENTY

THIS YEARS

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T. & B.

IN BRONZE ON

each Plug and Package.

4488ly

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM

Percheron Horses.
French Coach Horses.

Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to

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PANCAKES.

As this is the season for Pancakes, we beg to inform the public that w now have in stock

New Buckwheat Flour and Delicious Sugar House Syrup,

made from pure sugar and not glucose, as most of the syrup at preser in use is. We also have

Rolled Oats, Oatmeal, Rolled Wheat, Wheat Germ, extra fine quality Cornmeal, Bologna Sausage; Chicken, Ham and Tongue Sausage; English Brawn, Mince Meat, Calves' Feet Jelly, Canned Tongue, Canned Beef, Canned Chicken and Turkey, Canned Soups, Canned Mushrooms; Canned Salmon, Lobsters and Mackerel ; Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds, Shelled Almonds, New Walnuts, Filberts and Almonds, extra Fine Table and Cooking Raisins, French Capers, Essence Anchovies, Celery Salt, Currie Powder ; Essence Vanilla, Lemon, Peppermint, Cinnamon, Cloves, Banana, Orange, Pineapple, Strawberry, Wintergreen, Ginger and Ratafia and

Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address

Savage & Farnum,
DETROIT MICH.

60,000 - BRICK,

¾ hard, for sale cheap, at

SYMINGTON'S

10,000 ft good Pine Lumber,

13 and 16 feet long. A good chance for any person wanting lumber for fence or shed building. To be sold cheap at SYMINGTON'S.

APPLES, GRAPES, etc., wholesale and retail.

FLOUR & FEED as usual.

GROCERIES of all kinds.

TEAS—India, China and Japan, at very lowest prices.

T. Symington

PRODUCE DEALER,

South side Dundas st., Napanee.

ANY MAN

Who is **Weak, Nervous, Debilitated,** who in his **Folly** and **Ignorance** has **Trifled** away his **Vigor** of **Body, Mind** and **Manhood,** causing exhausting drains upon the **Fountains** of **Life. Headache, Backache,** Dreadful Dreams, **Weakness** of Memory, **Bashfulness** in **Society, Pimples** upon the **Face** and all the **Effects** leading to **Early Decay, Consumption** or **Insanity,** will find in our specific No. 23 a **Positive Cure.** It imparts **Youthful vigor** restores the **Vital Power** in old and young, strengthens and invigorates the **Brain and Nerves,** builds up the muscular system and arouses into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. With our specific No. 23 the most obstinate case can be cured in three months, and recent ones in less than thirty days. Each package contains two weeks treatment. Price $2. Cures Guaranteed. Our specific No. 24 is an infallible **Cure** for all **Private Diseases** no matter of **how long standing.** Sold under our written **Guarantee** to effect a **Cure.** Price $5. Toronto Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

MILES STORMS

has had over forty years in the undertaking business in the county, and can turn out work equal to any in the Dominon.

A large stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Crape Gloves and Badges, constantly on hand, and all sold at reasonable prices.

I also make a specialty of Embalming, giving this department my personal attention, thus removing all risk unpleasant odor or any change color.

First-class hearse free of charge, will attend all funerals.

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Almonds, extra Fine Table and Cooking Raisins, French Capers, Essence Anchovies, Celery Salt, Currie Powder; Essence Vanilla, Lemon, Peppermint, Cinnamon, Cloves, Banana, Orange, Pineapple, Strawberry, Wintergreen, Ginger and Ratafia and

A Fine Assortment of Xmas Candy.

16 lbs Yellow refined Sugar for $1. 3 good new Brooms for 25c.

M. W. PRUYN & SON

Napanee, Dec. 6th, 188

ODD SIZES

About 200 Hard Hats

two and three left of each kind, which we are offering

At 75c to $1 less than the regular price.

All new, fine goods this season, but as we have but one or two sizes left of each kind, we want to clear them out If you want a good hat at a bargain cll.

2288ly **ROBLIN & FORD**

CARSCALLEN & BROS.

NEW UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT.

CENTRE ST., ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF MAIN.

We would inform the public at large that we have opened a new Undertaking house and solicit their patronage. We will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of the best Coffins, Caskets, Robes, etc., that can be had anywhere in the Dominion.

Having purchased one of the handsomest Hearses at the Toronto Exh tion, we are prepared to attend funerals on short notice and in a manner equal to the best. We have engaged an undertaker of large experience, and are confident of doing everything in the most satisfactory manner.

Embalming a Specialty.

A call is solicited. Charges moderate Remember place—Centre street, stand long occupied by T G Carscallen as a paint shop. 4488hly

$100,000 TO LOAN

—AT—

Six Per Cent. Straight Loans,

Re-payable at any time the borrower chooses.

No Commissions and no fines charged

W. S. WILLIAMS

BUILDING!

Having bought out the business of E. F. Vanluven & Co. I am prepared to execute all orders for

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Frames Dressed Lumber, Bee Hives & Bee Hive Sections

On short notice and at reasonable rates.

E. M. FRALICK

Factory on canal next to brush factory. 2388ly

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

REDUCED FARES!

SINGLE FARE,

on December 24th and 25th, etc return December 26th. Also on December 31st and January 1st good to return January 2nd.

Fare & One-third

good to go any day between December 21st and January 1st and to return till January 3rd. CHILDREN, HALF-FARE.

J L BOYES,
Ticket Agent,
G N W Tel Co. Napanee

2238ly

Sillsville.

Miss Hattie Sills is visiting friends in Belleville.

Mr. G. B. Card has moved to his new home at Enterprise.

Mr. Shultz and wife, from Vermont, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Martin Hough.

The Rev. R. S. Forneri visited a poor family in this vicinity on Tuesday, and provided them with a good supply of food. Let other christians take example.

Gull Creek.

On Saturday night last, it rained sleet so that it was dangerous to travel. Mr. George Webb, who that night was returning home, fell and was badly hurt. It is said that he had to be carried home.

Three bears which were captured during last week, were noticed hanging at the road side opposite Mr. J. F. Lott's residence. Many an offer has been made for them but hitherto the offers were not accepted.

Hawley.

The missionary meeting was not largely attended, owing to the unfavorable weather, but the Christmas tree entertainment was a complete success. The singing, recitations, readings and dialogues, were very efficient, exhibiting the good training they received by O. Fretts, Superintendent; Miss A. Bristol, Mrs D. Fretts and others. The Kinder garten, under the training of Miss McManis, Teacher, was fine. The tree was adorned with many beautiful and costly presents. The Rev H. I. Allen (Pastor) was the recipient of $16 and a big turkey as a Xmas gift by his many friends, too numerous to mention.

Violet.

Mr. G. Shea says he experiences cold weather driving mail.

Mr. Nathan Lighthall is Mr. Charles Snider's sawyer. They do good work.

Mr. Herbert Robinson and Mr. John Hunter talk of having a hunt back on the Bald mountains. Good luck to you.

Mr. George Shea and Herbert Bateson arrived home safe and sound on Thursday from their hunt. They report the deer numerous.

Mr. Stephen Bennett has pulled his old house down on main street, and talks of building on Church street, opposite the carriage factory.

Selby.

Adolphustown and Fredericksburg.

The Rev. J. C. Ash tenders his thanks to friends in Fredericksburg for providing a pair of handsome turkeys for his Xmas table.

At Parma on Xmas we, the school house was packed almost to suffocation at the Xmas tree. Under the efficient superintendency of Mrs. Griffith, the S. S. in this locality, started only the past summer, has attained to a high degree of prosperity, and is an example of what an earnest, godly woman may accomplish for the public good. She received many loving testimonials from the school.

The Methodist Memorial Church, Adolphustown, held its annual festival on Xmas night, and while many feared a total failure on account of bad weather, it proved to be a marvelous success. Proceeds $36. Henceforth, this people must bear the palm for a spirit of undaunted courage in carrying forward their church enterprises in the face even of untoward conditions and circumstances. A New Year's festival will be held in the Methodist Church No 1, South Fredericksburg, on New Year's night, and no effort will be spared by the management to make it equal to their reputation for getting up firstrate tea-meetings. Rev. Messrs Peake, of Morven, Allen of Bath, and others may be expected.

The various Xmas gatherings in this locality have been singularly successful considering the unfavorable weather that has prevailed. On Friday last, though the storm had raged all day, the Conway Church was comfortably filled at the Xmas tree in the interests of the S. School. Mr. Frank D. Price, late S. Teacher at Sandhurst, and who is about moving to Napanee, has thrown himself with great vigour into our S. S. work here, and under his superintendency a very acceptable programme was submitted to the people. Among other expressions of good-will was the presentation to Mr. Joshua Cadman, an honored local preacher, of a valuable fur robe and a pair of horse blankets, as a testimonial of regard for the public services he has so cheerfully rendered. There are but few men in the county whose services have been more in demand for funerals, and especially among the poor, and it was felt that this expression of obligation and friendship was richly deserved; and the Conway friends are to be commended for taking the initiative in the matter.

Odessa.

Happy New Year,

Johnie McDermitt is home from N. Y. state.

Charlie Mabee, N. Y. state, is home for holidays.

Rev. and Mrs. Quartermaine spent Xmas at Brockville.

Alphena Hartman, of G. T. Ry., arrived home Monday.

David Huycke has returned for a few days from Deseronto.

J. A. Timmerman is spending the festive season at Ivanhoe, Ont.

Henry and Mrs. Smith and Georgie Watts are spending the holidays at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Braun, of Drayton, Ont., are visiting at Henry Benjamin's.

Dr. Millard Mabee, Milford, Mr and Mrs. McGuire, Ottawa, are home for Xmas.

We hung up our sock Christmas eve. What s'pose we got in it. Eh? why a hole in the heel.

The bazars and concerts on the 13th and 18th by the Methodists and Angelicans were quite successful.

Rev. Mr. Peake, of Morven, preached the anniversary sermons of the Odessa Methodist church Sunday eve.

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THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Sketches of Scenes in the Court Room, Taken on the Spot.

The British are now enjoying (if it can be called enjoyment) one of their peculiar "state trials," of the kind that make up so large a part of England's political history. The phrase "state trial" does not necessarily mean that the government is the prosecutor,

AMENITIES OF OPPOSING COUNSEL.

for, as in this case, the suit may be nominally between private parties, and yet the "government," meaning the party in power in the house of commons, and from which the cabinet is selected, be the real party in interest. In such cases, contrary to all American ideas of fair dealing, the attorney general often acts for the party who is on the "government" side. The annexed engraving represents the attorney general, Sir Richard Webster, opening the case, with the associate counsel and other "big wigs" grouped around him.

Sir Charles Russell, leading counsel for the Irish members, is one of the most suave of gentlemen, and maintains the most cordial personal relations with the opposing counsel; but the American reader who notes the sharp passages between them in the course of the examination may incline to consider this much like the quasi friendly handshake between two pugilists just before they proceed to the serious business of smashing each other's countenances out of all likeness to humanity.

As all American readers know, the question of home rule for Ireland has roused all the fury possible between belligerent Celt and stubborn Saxon; and it was only natural that the organization of the Land League and the attempts of the British authorities in Ireland to suppress it should lead to what is called "agrarian outrages." And as there are always hotheaded and revengeful individuals, there have been some murders, of which the most noted was the assassination of Cavendish and Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin. Following this The London Times published a series of articles headed "Parnellism and Crime," charging the responsibility for these murders upon the Parnellites. Finally, it published alleged letters of Mr. Parnell justifying the murders. Messrs. Parnell and Egan promptly denounced these letters as forgeries. Hence the suit—nominally a civil suit, but really an attempt to determine judicially whether the Irish members of parliament have been inciting to outrage and murder.

It is, therefore, a trial of the greatest political importance—so important that the government consented to set aside the regular judicial machinery and have the case tried by a commission of eminent judges.

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New Buckwheat Flour and Delicious Sugar House Syrup,

made from pure sugar and not glucose, as most of the syrup at preser in use is. We also have

Rolled Oats, Oatmeal, Rolled Wheat, Wheat Germ, extra fine quality Cornmeal, Bologna Sausage; Chicken, Ham and Tongue Sausage; English Brawn, Mince Meat, Calves' Feet Jelly, Canned Tongue, Canned Beef, Canned Chicken and Turkey, Canned Soups, Canned Mushrooms; Canned Salmon, Lobsters and Mackerel ; Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds, Shelled Almonds, New Walnuts, Filberts and Almonds, extra Fine Table and Cooking Raisins, French Capers, Essence Anchovies, Celery Salt, Currie Powder ; Essence Vanilla, Lemon, Peppermint, Cinnamon, Cloves, Banana, Orange, Pineapple, Strawberry, Wintergreen, Ginger and Ratafia and

French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address

Savage & Farnum,
DETROIT MICH.

60,000 - BRICK,

¾ hard, for sale cheap, at

SYMINGTON'S

10,000 ft good Pine Lumber,

13 and 16 feet long. A good chance for any person wanting lumber for fence or shed building. To be sold cheap at SYMINGTON'S.

APPLES, GRAPES, etc., wholesale and retail.

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ANY MAN

Who is **Weak, Nervous, Debilitated,** who in his **Folly** and **Ignorance** has **Trifled** away his **Vigor** of **Body, Mind** and **Manhood,** causing exhausting drains upon the **Fountains** of **Life. Headache, Backache,** Dreadful Dreams, **Weakness** of Memory, **Bashfulness** in **Society, Pimples** upon the **Face** and all the **Effects** leading to **Early Decay, Consumption** or **Insanity,** will find in our specific No. 23 a **Positive Cure.** It imparts **Youthful vigor** restores the **Vital Power** in old and young, strengthens and invigorates the **Brain and Nerves,** builds up the muscular system and arouses into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. With our specific No. 23 the most obstinate case can be cured in three months, and recent ones in less than thirty days. Each package contains two weeks treatment. Price $2. Cures Guaranteed. Our specific No. 24 is an infallible **Cure** for all **Private Diseases** no matter of **how long standing.** Sold under our written **Guarantee** to effect a **Cure.** Price $5. Toronto Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

MILES STORMS

has had over forty years in the undertaking business in the county, and can turn out work equal to any in the Dominion.

A large stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Crape Gloves and Badges, constantly on hand, and all sold at reasonable prices.

I also make a specialty of Embalming, giving this department my personal attention, thus removing all risk unpleasant odor or any change color.

First-class hearse free of charge, will attend all funerals.

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Almonds, extra Fine Table and Cooking Raisins, French Capers, Essence Anchovies, Celery Salt, Currie Powder; Essence Vanilla, Lemon, Peppermint, Cinnamon, Cloves, Banana, Orange, Pineapple, Strawberry, Wintergreen, Ginger and Ratafia and

A Fine Assortment of Xmas Candy.

16 lbs Yellow refined Sugar for $1. 3 good new Brooms for 25c.

M. W. PRUYN & SON

Napanee, Dec. 6th, 188

ODD SIZES

About 200 Hard Hats

two and three left of each kind, which we are offering

At 75c to $1 less than the regular price.

All new, fine goods this season, but as we have but one or two sizes left of each kind, we want to clear them out If you want a good hat at a bargain call.

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CARSCALLEN & BROS.

NEW UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT.

CENTRE ST., ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF MAIN.

We would inform the public at large that we have opened a new Undertaking house and solicit their patronage. We will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of the best Coffins, Caskets, Robes, etc., that can be had anywhere in the Dominion.

Having purchased one of the handsomest Hearses at the Toronto Exhibition, we are prepared to attend funerals on short notice and in a manner equal to the best. We have engaged an undertaker of large experience, and are confident of doing everything in the most satisfactory manner.

Embalming a Specialty.

A call is solicited. Charges moderate Remember place—Centre street, stand long occupied by T G Carscallen as a paint shop. 4488hly

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$100,000 TO LOAN

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Re-payable at any time the borrower chooses.

No Commissions and no fines charged

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Having bought out the business of E. F. Vanluven & Co. I am prepared to execute all orders for

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Frames Dressed Lumber, Bee Hives & Bee Hive Sections

On short notice and at reasonable rates.

E. M. FRALICK

Factory on canal next to brush factory. 2388ly

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Telephone Message.

Ah! Here's the little round thing my papa talks into
To tell the folks down town what he wants to have them do.
I'm going to try myself,—now let me get a chair,
And then I'll stand on tiptoe so I can reach up there

"Halloo! (that's what they all say)—you dear old Santa Clause,
I'm going to have a little talk with you, because
I want to tell you alll about a little girl I know,
Who never had a Christmas in her life—she told me so!

I hardly could believe it, but she says 'tis really true.
I'm sure you're always very kind, but I'm surprised at you,
That you should have forgotten such a little one! but still,
You have, perhaps already all the stockings you can fill.

But could you go to her house instead of coming here?
For mamma says that Christmas is the time of all the year
For children to remember poor little girls and boys
Who never hang their stockings up for picture-books and toys.

"I want you please, to carry her a doll with shiny curls.
And eyes that shut and open—that's the kind for little girls—
And a muff to warm her fingers, and a cunning little ring,
And a book with pretty verses—how she'll laugh, the little thing!

"And give her lots of goodies, too, because she's poor, you see,
And ought to have more sugar-plums than you could bring to me,
Now tell it on your fingers, and remember, as you go—
Just pack her little stocking to the very, very toe.

"That's all—only, Santa Claus, I just would like to say,
If you should have more presents than you need on Christmas day,
And could leave me just a few as you pass the chimney—why,
Of course—I would be very glad indeed. Good-bye! Good bye!"

HOW MAXY SPENT ONE CHRISTMAS.

BY MARCH ELLINWOOD.

It was a queer way to spend Christmas, and a queer place for that matter. Maxy had hardly done talking about it before another Christmas came around.

The day had begun very much like others that she remembered, there had been stockings filled with all sorts of delightful things. There had been the usual merry strife to see which should be first with Christmas greeting, then such a happy time at breakfast.

There was one thing about Christmas in Maxy's home that was a little singular, it always kept getting better and better, and the evening was the best of all.

Sometimes, you know, little folks begin to get tired, and after Tommy has eaten a stockingful of nuts and candy he thinks that Willie had more than he did, or his presents don't suit him and he goes to bed feeling that Christmas is a myth.

The secret of it all was in the beginning. Mamma Monroe had them begin right. For one thing they must eat no candy before breakfast—but this won't do, I must go back to my story.

Maxy expected this day to be a little better than an ordinary Christmas; for there was to be company to dinner, and some of her best friends would be there with their papas and mammas, and the whole house was in a delightful state of bustle about 10 o'clock, when Mrs. Monroe called Maxy and gave her a basket to carry to old Mrs. Brown. "You may step and ask Dolly to go with you," she said. Maxy was pleased, for she knew how glad the poor old lady would be, and she loved to hear her praise mamma's goodies, and tell how good she was not to forget an old woman on Christmas day.

footprints, and Maxy had the basket with her in the closet, so that there wasn't trace of her presence to befound.

Mr. Monroe went home quite perplexed, but half hoping to find his little girl there before him.

But no Maxy was there. Quite a little company had gathered by this time, for it was nearly 2 o'clock, the hour for the dinner.

Mamma Monroe said hopefully: "She must have gone somewhere else. She must have gone to Mrs. Brown's while she was out, and she has taken the basket to some one else," but she looked pale and her eyes were anxious.

Dollie was crying in a little heap in a sofa corner, and Katie kept her company.

The ladies gathered around Mrs. Monroe full of sympathy, each one trying to think of something hopeful to say.

At last Papa Monroe said he would go to Mrs. Smith's quite at the other end of town, and see if Maxy had taken her basket there. Mrs. Smith had sometimes worked for Mrs Monroe and Maxy knew she was poor and needed help, she might possibly have thought of her, finding Mrs. Brown absent. A whole long hour dragged by, for he stopped to ask questions of everyone who seemed at all likely to have seen the child, before Papa Monroe came back.

Everybody had been trying to cheer up everybody else, but it did seem so strange that she should be gone so long, that it was hard work to find anything hopeful to say.

"She couldn't lose her way," said Mamma Monroe. "She knows every street in town."

"Here comes papa, alone," said Katie, with her face against the window, and with that she began crying again.

Papa came in, the picture of despair. Mamma grew white and she hadn't a word to say.

Suddenly there was some one stamping off snow in the hall, and a gay little voice cried: "Mamma, am I late for dinner?" Then there was a great rush, you may be sure. Everybody laughed and cried and kissed Maxy, and she told her story as well as she could, and after a while the Christmas dinner was eaten.

"Only think, mamma," said Maxy, "I spent 'most all my Christmas in that closet, and scared you 'most to death, just because I was afraid of that tramp, and he didn't come in after all."

"We all make mistakes, little daughter," said her mother tenderly, "but you are safe and your Christmas isn't quite gone yet."

Youth.

Ah! through the moonlight of autumnal years
How sweet the back-look of our first youth world!
Freshlier and earlier the spring burst then:
The wild brook warbled to a sweeter time,
Through Summer shows that screened from brighter suns;
The berry glittered and the brown nut fell
Riper and riper in the Autumn woods;
And winter drifting on more glorious car
Shed purer snows or shot intenser frosts!
The young were merrier when our life was young:
Dropped mellower wisdom from the tongue of age,
And love and friendship were immortal things;
From fairer lips diviner music flowed;
The song was sacred, and the poet too,
Not art, but inspiration, was his song.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

His Marriage Wasn't a Failure.

PUTNEY.

One of The Many Villages Engulfed by Mighty London.

BY DAVID KER.

I remember during the Carlist war of 1874 in the north of Spain a Guipuzcoan peasant, being asked by a correspondent whether any one had been killed in a recent skirmish, replied epigramatically, "Ni hombre, ni muger, solamente un cura," (neither man nor woman, only a parish priest.) In the same way Putney may be defined as neither town nor country, only a suburb. Not many years ago it was an independent village on the Thames, with a very distinct individuality of its own and no small sense of its importance, but it is now virtually annexed by that mighty capital which, like a kind of geographical Bismarck, keeps swallowing one by one all the smaller communities within reach. Judging only by the green hedgerows, the trim garden patches and fields behind them, the oarsmen in white flannel sweeping with measured strokes over the broad shining river, the gray church tower looking down upon them from amid its clustering elms, the tilt-covered wagons plodding along the high road, the wide stretch of grassy common, where the cricketers are playing, or the great army of stately trees on the further shore, through which the Bishop of London's palace half reveals its dark red walls, one might imagine one's self miles away from any town, in the very heart of the country. But the permanent shower of soot that "droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath"—necessitating a washing of hands frequent and vigorous enough to have satisfied a Pharisee—as well as the white omnibuses that come rumbling across Putney Bridge with the fatal word "Bank" conspicuously painted on their sides, are a sufficient reminder how few miles lie between us and the great city which an American tourist defined as "just like New York bigger and uglier and the oysters not so good."

These, however, are not the only characteristic features of this boundary line between the land of plows and the land of paving stones. On the spot where the two districts meet the two opposing tribes that inhabit them meet likewise. Every train that comes up the river bank on Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning disgorge into the quiet, old-fashioned High-street of Putney a crowd of sallow, keen-eyed, jaded-looking men and women, who seem to carry about with them even in this place of repose that air of eternal unrest which is one of the most marked and terrible feature of London. These are clerks and shopmen from the city, mantuamakers from Regent street, bartenders from the Strand, obviously enjoying their brief holiday to the utmost but as obviously enjoying it "against time," and taking their pleasure in the same rushing, bustling way in which they do their business.

Of historical memories Putney has fewer than many of the neighboring suburbs, but it is not without interesting associations of its own. One such at least it possesses which would doubtless outvie all the glories of Westminster Abbey in the eyes of enthusiasts like those who made a special pilgrimage to Farnborough in order to behold the hallowed spot where Sayers and Heenan battered each other's faces out of all semblance of humanity 25 years ago. Between Putney and Mortlake lies the famous "University course," on which the picked oarsmen of Oxford and Cambridge fight it out every year for the supremacy of the river, and a walk of two miles up stream brings one to the very spot where, in 1829,

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may step and ask Dolly to go with you," she said. Maxy was pleased, for she knew how glad the poor old lady would be, and she loved to hear her praise mamma's goodies, and tell how good she was not to forget an old woman on Christmas day.

So she put on her warm wraps and started out in high glee. It was snowing a little, and nothing was so charming as to be out in a snow storm; a feathery, dry snow like this.

Dolly had a sore throat and could not go; Maxy trudged on without her and enjoyed every step of her long walk through the falling snow.

The only blot upon her happiness was Dolly's sore throat.

Her first little tap at Mrs. Brown's door brought no answer, so she knocked louder, then again; but all was still. "She's gone to the neighbor's," thought Maxy; "I'll go in and leave the basket and get warm, anyway, if the door's unlocked," and in she walked.

She looked around carefully. Mrs. Brown might be asleep on the lounge, but no, the house was quite deserted, but the fire still shone red through the cracks in the stove, and Maxy sat down to warm her feet.

Presently the gate latch clicked.

"She's coming" said Maxy,, peeping from the window. "Oh my! it's a tramp!" And it was; one of the dirtiest and most forlorn, at that, and Maxy, like many another little girl, was terribly afraid of anything that looked like a tramp.

"Maybe he'll come right in," she thought, "like I did. What shall I do?" There was but a minute to think. Maxy glanced quickly around and spied a closet door standing ajar. "I'll slip in here and take the basket with me, for he mustn't find that." A minute more and Mary, safely hidden in the closet, heard a knock at the front door, then a shuffling step passed around the house. Then came a knock at the back door, and after a pause the shuffling step came back, the gate clicked again and all was still.

The little girl gave a sigh of relief, for her prison was dark and close, and besides she was beginning to feel in a hurry to go home; but, alas, the door would not open.

In vain she pushed; in vain she turned the little knob. The door had locked itself!

Maxy wanted to cry then, but she tried hard to be brave. "Maybe Mrs. Brown will be back soon and I can make her hear me," she said. "Won't she be scared?"

It was dark in the little closet; there was nothing to do but think, and Maxy thought about the folks at home. What were they doing now? Had she been gone so long as it seemed? And were they wondering why she did not come? What if Mrs. Brown had gone somewhere to spend the day? At this one or two tears fell down.

"I know what I'll do, I'll ask the Lord to help me get out," and down she went on her knees in the dark and offered her prayer, with so much faith that she felt comforted at once.

It was warm in her small prison, and by-and-by, leaning against a pile of comforts, Maxy fell asleep.

Meanwhile they were getting anxious about her at home. Katie had been looking out at the door or window every few minutes for half an hour, and how mamma had begun to say, "How strange it is she doesn't come." The minutes passed on and no Maxy came. At last Papa Monroe could bear it no longer, and he started out to look for her. At Dollie's home he found that she had gone alone and hurried on wondering where she could be. "She would hurry home to-day of all days," he said to himself, "and she is such a faithful little thing, anyway."

He found Mrs. Brown at home, and she assured him that Maxy had not been there.

The snow had quite covered the little

The song was sacred, and the poet too,
Not art, but inspiration, was his song.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

His Marrigge Wasn't a Failure.

"Vell, Moses, now dot you vas married, can you not oxplain to me vedder or not marriage vos a failure?"

"I should snicker all offer mein face, Isaac, dot I could! Do you see dot suit uf clothes dot I haf on? Vell, I haf tirteen more better as dot, und dey all come mit mein vife. Dey vos left by her first husband, und dey fits me like hair on your head. No, sir: dot marriage vas a picnic uf you fall in mit de vidow uf a dude."—[Peck's Sun.

Expensive Building Material.

"How is your papa getting along?" asked Mrs. Yeast of the Crimsonbeak boy, the other day, when she was waiting for his mother to make her appearance in the parlor.

"Oh, bully! He's going to build a house."

"Going to build a house! How do you know that?"

"Well, I heard mamma say he brings a brick home in his hat every night."

He Didn't Know.

School-mistress—Come here, Charlie, and let me hear you recite your lesson. Why, what is the matter? What are you crying for?

Charlie—Some of the big boys made me kiss a little girl out in the school yard—boo-hoo!

Why, that is outrageous! Why did you not come right in to me?

I—I—didn't know that you would let me kiss you.

She Got a Seat.

She was a little cross eyed woman, and she had stood up in a street car and clung to a strap till she was tired. Suddenly she spoke:

"Thank you, sir. Since you kindly offer me a seat I will take it."

Six men looked up. Each one of the six thought she was staring at himself, and she took her choice of the six seats instantly placed on her disposal. Wonderful is the power of the human eye when it happens to be a little askew.

It Might be Worse.

The Arabs, says an exchange, have a custom of thanking God that it is no worse. If he loses an eye, he thanks God that it was not both eyes; if he loses a hand, he thanks God it was not both hands; if he breaks his leg, he thanks God it was not his neck.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!"

This is the true spirit of submission; one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the heart. Will not every reader resolve to see the sunny side of the world? If so, you have partly won the battle of life at the outset.

When you want to take out a broken window pane, heat the poker, run it slowly along the old putty, and soften it loose.

At a Western church fair a device for getting up a testimonial to the pastor bore the following legend:—"Drop a dollar in the slot and see the pastor smile."

mous "University course," on which the picked oarsmen of Oxford and Cambridge fight it out every year for the supremacy of the river, and a walk of two miles up stream brings one to the very spot where, in 1829, the Cambridge crew struggled manfully on till their boat actually sank beneath them.

But the town itself offers to its visitors other associations of more ancient date and not inferior interest, even when coupled with the one great disadvantage that nobody can bet upon them. Half way up the High-street, in strange contrast to the trim modern shop fronts and plate-glass windows on either side of it, appears an antique mansion of dark red brickwork, over the spacious front of which the clinging ivy has trailed itself so thickly that in many places the masonry is completely hidden, and the small lozenge-paned casements of the upper story look out from a frame of living green. High upon the ridge of the steep red-tiled roof stand half a dozen of those tall, gaunt, brick chimney stacks beloved by all our great-grandfathers, forming a striking foil to the fresh green leaves of the noble trees behind them, while an old-fashioned sun dial stares out from between the two upper windows of the side wall overhanging the courtyard, which is separated from the street by a heavy wooden gate, on whose weather-stained posts appear the words, "Fairfax House."

There, indeed, is history, and history of the highest class. Does not the very name of Fairfax carry one back more than 200 years to the time when the free spirit of England was battling for life and death against "the right divine of Kings to govern wrong!" As the shadowy twilight deepens around the quaint old mansion, it needs little stretch of fancy to picture to one's self in the recess of one of its ivied windows two men seated at a table covered with papers, one of whom—a tall, fine-looking man, in the prime of life, whose dress is a compromise between the stern simplicity of the Puritan and the fantastic splendor of the Cavalier, looks up nervously ever and anon, as if finding something not wholly to his liking either in the contents of the papers or in the words of his companion. It is Lord Fairfax brave, handsome, elegant, accomplished, lacking nothing save that ruthless concentration of purpose which is the main strength of the stout, plainly-dressed, coarse-featured man opposite him, who has already acquired some reputation under the title of Gen. Oliver Cromwell.

These, however, are not the only relics of this kind which Putney has to show. Just on the other side of the street from my present quarters stands Winchester House, which would be a perfect treasure to Miss Braddon or Wilkie Collins, not merely from its outward aspect, but also from what it contains. The charm begins from the very entrance hall itself, in which a tall, thin high-backed, uncompromising chair, which might have seated Clarissa Harlowe's father while scolding that unfortunate young woman 150 years ago, faces a quaint old Dutch carving in oak, representing a piratical-looking Cavalier riding gallantly upon a very corpulent horse over the jagged letters of one of those delightful inscriptions which only two or three people can decipher at all, and which each of those two or three deciphers in a totally different way. The library is crowded with parchment-bound folios of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which, as the innocent old country gentleman said of the man who was presented to him as a Baronet of James I.'s creation, "look remarkably well for their age."

And as with one room so with all the rest. Stern and stately figures in faintly-glimmering armor or towering Louis XIV. wigs look stonily down upon you from the shadowy walls.

Unhappily the ghostly traditions of this neighborhood are not all groundless and

childish. Dickens once said, justly enough, that he would rather hear many a German legend with a terrific name than the true story of any old set of chambers in Lincoln's Inn; and the same thing might be said with equally good reason of more than one ancient manor house within easy reach of London itself. I can well remember how, years ago, a quiet old Kentish country house started into sudden and terrible prominence as the scene of a tragedy ghastly enough to draw thither from the capital hundreds, if not thousands, of pilgrims whom no ordinary attraction could have dragged so far from their congenial smoke and dirt.

For many generations the history of th fatal house had been as uneventful as that of the rooks which built their nests in the trees around it. Successive dynasties of hard riding, hard drinking country gentlemen flourished and faded, each exactly like his predecessor. It was only among a few of the very oldest "smockfrocks" in the adjacent village that there still lingered a vague tradition—told now and then by a Christmas fireside with many a knowing shake of the head—respecting a fearful tragedy that had taken place "up at the great house" in the days of old Queen Bess, more than 300 years before. It was whispered that the then lord of the manor betrayed by his wife and his most intimate friend, had taken a dreadful revenge upon the guilty pair, the exact nature of which seemed to be as completely a mystery to the tellers of the story as to every one else. At length the existing proprietor—a hearty, jovial country Squire, who liked nothing better that to fill his house with guests—found even his spacious accommodations too small to keep pace with his boundless hospitality, and decided upon adding a room, or perhaps two, to his house.

Accordingly a London architect was summoned to survey the premises and direct the proposed additions. The expert came, and after going over the house and making sundry measurements, said to his patron, with an air of mingled surprise and amusement: "It seems to me, sir, that you are giving yourself a good deal of unnecessary trouble, for you are probably not aware that there is a room in your house which is still unoccupied."

"Impossible," cried Squire. "I've lived in this house, man and boy, over 50 years, and neither I nor my father before me ever knew of any rooms in this house except those that are in use every day."

"For all that," replied the architect, confidently, "I'm positive that I cannot be wrong. According to the measurements that I have just taken there is a certain space within the walls which is still unaccounted for. In fact, I feel so sure of what I say that if you will allow me to go over the house once more I am willing to stake my professional reputation that I point out the very spot where the missing room is to be found."

The air of perfect conviction with which the man spoke staggered the Squire, while his wife, delighted at the idea of such a romance in her own house, declared that she was absolutely dying to see the "Bluebeard's Chamber." The guests with whom the house was overflowing as usual unanimously agreed that the mysterious room ought to be unearthed forthwith; and when the expert started on his second round he headed a procession comprising the whole population of the house. Many of the younger men, little dreaming what they were about to see, cracked boyish jests about buried treasures and imprisoned ghosts; and there was a general buzz of excitement when the architect, tapping the wall just above the great staircase, announced that behind it lay the long-lost chamber.

A few blows from the pickaxes of two sturdy laborers laid bare an oaken door

HERE AND THERE.

WILL SHE?

Won't it be funny when women vote,
If they act as silly as the men?
The barrels of flour they'll have to "tote,"
The wheelbarrows they'll trundle then.
Will she pay her bills like a little man,
Or hedge with a pretty pink-hued note?
Will it be a game of catch-as-catch-can
When women vote?

Won't it be funny to have it said
Of some political sweet girl-bride,
"She's actually gone and shaved her head—
Made a bet on the losing side"?
Will they bet their boots and their chewing gum,
And the bretty bonnets, on which they dote?
Will we think the milennium has come
When women vote?

It is considered very bad taste for ballet girls to pad unevenly.

A game dinner was served to 600 guests at a Chicago hotel on Saturday night. Thirty-four kinds of game were represented on the menu.

King Kalakaua is coming to America. He has grown tired of the humdrum of Honolulu and wants to take a look at the New York tiger.

The richest gold mine in the world is said to be the Douglas mine, in Australia, which yields about $200,000 every month and has but three owners.

Count Moltke's favorite flower is the rose, and at his home he has one of the finest flower gardens in the world. He is something more than a warrior.

Literary interests in Pittsburgh have received a severe set back in the decision of Judge Ewing, that literary societies cannot run liquor bars as adjuncts.

There is a man living at Luray, Va., who became convinced when young that kissing was wicked because Christ was betrayed by a kiss. He resolved never to kiss anybody. He has been married twenty years and is the father of eleven children, and has never kissed his wife nor any of his offspring.

—A correspondent ask:—"Which is correct, 'Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes,' or 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes'?" It depends upon the location. If the correspondent should be out West and see an Indian making for him with a scalping-knife the former would be the correct way of using the quotation.

Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey, superintendent of the peace department of the National W. C. T. U., is one of the most notable business women in the country. She carries on a large factory in New Jersey, a wholesale and retail store in Portland, and a large farm near Winthrop. In all she employs about 150 men.

A little six-year-old of Point Edward, The Post says, was told by his school teacher that there was smallpox in Sarnia and that he would have to be vaccinated. He ran home to his mother and exclaimed:—"Mamma, they've got the little box in Sarnia and if you don't be baptised you'll catch it and die.'

Manistee, Mich., baby which ate an eight grain dose of morphine was given several antidotes, but it became unconscious and was given up for dead. About 16 hours later, however, while the friends stood around and silently admired the beauty of the corpse the babe awoke, and smilingly demanded a drink of milk.

Here an English paper:—The first in-

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MANHOOD
How Lost, How Restored

Just published, a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or incapacity induced by excess or early indiscretion.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by

about buried treasures and imprisoned ghosts; and there was a general buzz of excitement when the architect, tapping the wall just above the great staircase, announced that behind it lay the long-lost chamber.

A few blows from the pickaxes of two sturdy laborers laid bare an oaken door clamped with iron, which was speedily burst in. Through the gap crept a damp stifling, sickening odor, at which the gay revelers shivered and drew back as if from the chill breath of the grave. There was a momentary pause, and then the biggest of the workman thrust himself through the mysterious doorway with a defiant oath, only to come staggering back the next moment with his bold, bluff visage as pale as death. Then the Squire himself, with a look of very unwonted gravity upon his jovial face, forced the rusty door wide open. Within lay a small oak-paneled chamber, richly furnished in the style of the sixteenth century, but the dust lay thick on the carved chairs, the costly hangings were faded and mildewed, the silver plates and goblets on the table looked dim and tarnished. In the two further corners of this living tomb lay two human skeletons, (seemingly those of a man and a woman,) whose distorted attitudes told but too plainly in what fearful agonies they must have died.

Putting Down Bribery.

It is satisfactory to find Republicans and Democrats uniting in a demand for stringent laws against bribery at Presidential elections. Of course such laws must be passed by the State Legislatures. A Republican paper of St. Louis says that there were between fourteen and twenty thousand "floaters"—we in Canada call them loose fish—in Indiana alone, every one of them seeking money. It was a ten dollar apiece campaign in that State, and many got twenty dollars for their votes. The plans for raising funds in precincts varied according to the local bosses. In one place the chairman called together secretly the half-dozen men who would in all probability be applicants for the post office, in the event of the party's success. He proposed to them an arrangement which was carried out in this way: Each of the six put up $50, making a fund of $300 for that town. Next they drew lots to see who should have the post-office. Then the lucky man gave each of the five his note for $50, payable after he received the appointment as postmaster. All present pledged themselves to abide by the agreement, and in this way that particular precinct was provided for. Indiana was corrupted because, having been a pivotal State, it had been corrupted in previous elections.

Slaves of Fashion.

Mrs. Anna J. Miller, when she delivered her terrific anathema against bustles in the Detroit Women's Convention characterized them as optical horrors and wretched humps, and declared that women would travel the world over to find skilled surgeons had nature so disfigured her. Anna forgot that women were not born in theatre bonnets or French boots, and that all of their everyday attire and adornment is the invention of necessity and taste, bad taste, maybe, but still women's taste. The decree of a dozen women's congresses and all the ridicule that the newspapers can indite won't shrink the bustle or lower the bonnets and boot heels till the sweet pretty creatures find something equally sytlish, and get tired of them. A trim, nicely adjusted, flexible, spring elastic, incontrovertible wire-woven, and harmonious bustle is a good thing. Its powers of endurance are wonderful. The more you sit down upon it the more popular it seems to grow. Suppose you let the bustle alone and talk

was given up for dead. About 16 hours later, however, while the friends stood around and silently admired the beauty of the corpse the babe awoke, and smilingly demanded a drink of milk.

Says an English paper :—The first inventor of the sewing machine turns out not to be Howe, but a man named Thomas Saint, who took out his patent in 1760, sixty years before Howe produced his machine. A machine made according to Saint's specification is now being exhibited at the exhibition of sewing machines and domestic appliances at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Squaring the circle is generally looked upon as either sheer lunacy or unprofitable figuring. It appears, however, that Mr. W. J. Barnwell, a wonderfully clever mathematician and the organist of the East Hundred in Berkshire, England, has really hit upon some feasible scheme, which he has laid before the French Academy of Sciences. His formula consists of eight figures, which, in a concrete shape, form a perfect cyclometer. The discovery has taken fifteen years' hard work.

Forgery and embezzlement are evidently no longer looked upon with the indulgent leniency with which courts of justice in the United States once regarded them. The Sentence of twenty-five years' imprisonment pronounced upon James E. Bedell should have a tendency to discourage these crimes, at any rate in the State of New York. The judgment of the court is generally approved of by the community in New York, who have come to the conclusion that criminals of this class can no longer be trifled with.

It cannot but be mortifying to the national pride of our American cousins to find that citizens of the United States have so often, when abroad, to depend upon the courtesy of British consuls for protection. The most recent instance was at Port-au-Prince, where the captain and passengers of an American steamer seized by a Haytian man-of-war had to beg the protection of the British consul, the U. S. official there having to confess he was powerless to render any assistance. The fact that the British consuls in foreign ports have always been ready to give their good offices on behalf of distressed Americans ought to promote a very friendly feeling towards Great Britain on the part of Americans at home, but, as it often happens that the conferring of a benefit is considered by the person benefited as a ground of grievance against the benefactor, a similar anomaly may occur in the case of nations.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

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☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

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NAPANEE, TAMWORTH AND QUEBEC RAILWAY.

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Time Table, No. 14.

In Effect Oct. 29, 1888.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

TRAINS GOING NORTH

STATIONS.		No. 2. A M	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	10 45	5 05
Napanee Mills	"	11 00	5 20
Newburgh	"	11 7	5 27
Thompson's Mills*	"	11 15	5 35
Camden East	"	11 20	5 40
Yarker	"	11 35	5 55
Colebrook*	"	11 38	5 58
Galbraith Road	"	11 42	6 02
Varty Lake* (Excursion Ground			
Moscow	"	11 50	6 10
Mudlake Bridge*	"	11 58	6 18
Enterprise	"	12 05	6 25
Wilson's Crossing*	"	12 15	6 35
Tamworth	Arrive	12 25	6 45

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS		No. 1. A.M	No. 3. P. M.
Tamworth	Leave	7 00	2 15
Wilson's Crossing	"	7 15	2 30
Enterprise	"	7 20	2 35
Mudlake Bridge	"	7 27	2 42
Moscow	"	7 35	3 00
Varty Lake (Excursion Ground			
Galbraith Road	"	7 45	3 08
Colebrook†	"	7 48	3 12
Yarker	"	7 50	3 15
Camden East	"	8 05	3 30
Thompson's Mills*	"	8 10	3 35
Newburgh	"	8 15	3 43
Napanee Mills	"	8 25	3 50
Napanee	Arrive.	8 40	4 05

STAGE CONNECTIONS.—Camden East for Centreville and Desmond, Yarker for Petworth, Eterprise for Bellrock & Verona, Tamworth, for Erinsville daily, and for Arden tri-weekly, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, upon arrival of No, 2 train.

Stop only when passengers at or for The Conductor will collect FIVE CENTS extra from all not supplied with a Ticket excepting those who get on at a Flag Station. No Return Tickets issued on the train.

This Time Table shows the times at which the trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several stations; but, as the punctuality of trains depends on connection with other lines, the arrivals and departures at the time stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN
Ass't Gen. Man. Superintendent. Gen. Man.

PRISON GATES.

Mercer Reformatory.

"What institute is that?" is the invariable enquiry of the tourist.

"The Mercer Reformatory, for women," is the reply given, provided the question be asked of a well informed citizen.

Passing through the front offices to the reformatory proper, I was shown first the privilege corridor, a bright, airy department, containing some dozen cells.

These cells are really tiny bed chambers, each lighted by a separate window. They contain the needful toilet appliances, a chair, box, bracket shelves and small iron bedstead.

The bedding consists of blankets, sheets, pillows and white quilts, and looks as inviting as any weary body could desire. Altogether these diminutive rooms, so fresh in their cleanliness, must become potent factors in purifying the hearts and lives of their occupants.

"These cells are awarded to those inmates whose good conduct justifies the bestowal of a special privilege," remarked my guide, "and they are a possession much coveted by the inmates."

Further on we entered the sewing room, where the clothing is made and repaired I examined the piles of underclothing that lay en readiness for use, and found all the articles needful for a woman's wardrobe, neatly made of heavy factory cotton.

The inmates wear a uniform costume of blue denham, a material much the same as that used for shirting and overalls On Sunday each woman is given a long white apron and a linen collar. They are allowed the privilege of dressing their hair, which is not cut upon entering the institution, in any neat method.

"The inmates are not allowed to wear any of their own clothing during their stay in the institution," said the attendant. "It is put away for them until their term expires."

"Do they generally come in well supplied?" I asked.

"Occasionally they are very well dressed," was the reply; "but often they are in a terrible state of destitution. It depends a good deal upon the offence for which they are arrested."

Retracing our steps, we next visited the knitting room. In this department all the knitting required by the institution is done, in addition to contract work, which is occasionally given.

"In the knitting and sewing departments," said the attendant, "we have those inmates who, by reason of bodily weakness, are unfitted for more arduous service."

"Have you any difficulty in controlling those under your care?" I enquired, glancing at the groups who were knitting and indulging in quiet conversation.

"Not much," she answered. "They work largely by impulse, and have no more steadiness of purpose than little children. It is difficult also to retain their attention for any length of time. We have educational classes in the knitting room, through the winter months, for an hour and a half each day, when those who wish to do so may learn to read and write."

As education is certainly an aid to reformation, it would surely be a desirable thing to continue these classes all the year around.

The laundry is financially the most productive department in the Mercer; its net revenue last year amounted to over $2,000. There are two distinct laundries, one being used for the Mercer and Central Prison washing; the second being reserved for family and contract washing.

How many respectable working girls are there in Toronto who are compelled to live on less than that amount?

Out of 142 inmates committed, 77 were sentenced for six months, 24 for twelve months, and the reminder between one and two years.

Of these 46 were under 20 years of age, 50 between 20 and 30, 38 between 30 and 50, and the remainder over 50 years.

Fifty out of 142, or over one-third of the total number, were guilty of personal immorality in various phases, 35 were committed for vagrancy, 25 for larceny and 16 for drunkenness.

"There is very little sickness among the inmates of the institution," said the attendant, answering my enquiry. "The hospital is closed at present, and the general health is very good. We had only one death last year."

When we consider the lives of those women previous to incarceration, and the excesses appertaining thereto, such a record bears testimony to the careful supervision exercised in this department.

The chapel is a large handsome apartment, the finest in the building. Religious services for both Protestants and Roman Catholics are conducted at stated times throughout the week, and on Sunday morning a Sunday school is held, when the inmates are brought in personal contact with Christian ladies, who labor earnestly to influence them for good. I have rarely seen a more impressive sight than these women and girls present when assembled for one of these services.

Swayed ever by impulse, a hymn, a text, a tender word will bring a softened look on many faces, and a quick tear even in many eyes, while good resolutions are made, too often to be broken by the evil influence of associates more hardened.

That reformation, thorough and complete, is possible has been proved in many instances; but it has been despite the association, and due rather to the personal efforts of the staff or kindly hearted philanthropists; for as one lady recently remarked: "No one knows what the women in the Mercer have to endure from their companions, whenever they endeavor to fight their way upward into a purer, higher life."

Max O'Rell on America.

When that eccentric and imaginative Frenchman who is known to the reading public as Max O Rell gave to the world his amusing skit upon English men and women entitled "John Bull and his Island," our American cousins found his book extremely entertaining and applauded his keen faculty for analysis and his discrimination as a critic. When subsequently he visited America and, with the traditional politeness of his nation, said all sorts of sugary things about Americans and their institutions, no one in the United States questioned his sagacity. But, alas, since his return to Europe, he has been lecturing in London on the United States, and it is now discovered that he is a very unsafe guide to follow, and that his exaggerations are so extravagant as to take away all value from his criticism. He declared that no man with any self-respect has anything to do with politics in the United States, and that if a senator accidentally gains admittance to a select entertainment the custom of the master of the house is to order that the silver as well as the hats and coats in the hall be carefully watched. In referring to the national predilection for profanity he tells of an American poker party on an English steamer of which each member laid down each card with a new and distinct oath. The same poker party a short time afterwards sang hymns and psalms

Prima Donnas and Their Jewels.

How does a lady singer become world-famed? asks a feuilleton writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and goes on to explain that their only road to fortune is to have some of their jewellery stolen from them. Bell-like intonation, harmony, a strong voice, acrobat-like technique, impressive expression, distinctness of pronunciation, lively action, and an attractive appearance ought to secure fame to a lady artiste. But only those will say this who have lived in hermitlike retirement, for in order to become famous a lady singer must at least have been robbed a few times. Just now a new candidate has presented herself as qualified for the part of the prima donna assoluta. Miss Sigrid Arnoldson, the attractive young Swedish girl, who has hitherto been like all other singing birds of the opera and the concert hall, has suddenly risen above them all, and her impressario sends out the notice in great delight—at last, at last, she, too, has been robbed. The object was, of course, a case with bracelets, earrings, etc., given to her by Empresses, Queens, and Princes. The impressario was nearly in despair when it appeared as if a row of pearls had been overlooked by the thieves; the clouds only vanished from his face when it was found that the pearls, too, were gone. A thief, remaining undiscovered, belongs as much to the outfit of a phenomally famous singer as does her indispensable rouge pot. She cannot do without a drawing-room Fra Diavolo. The lack of a perfect shape does not signify, the lack of a thief would be ruin. Adeline Patti has been robbed by night and by day, in Europe and America on shore and at sea, in hotels, and on railway trains. And Carlotta Patti and Christine Nelson and—but why mention names? An incredible amount of diamonds and jewels have disappeared in this way without ever turning up again. But the lady artistes are generous, compassionate' forgiving; they do not prosecute the thieves; they do not go to the police; they do not offer rewards. Perhaps they know that the gold in their throat can easily be coined, and that the rippling shakes can soon be changed into rows of pearls. They are easy-going, and soon forget their loss. But the wonder is that the august donors should still continue to present the singers with diamonds. They might have learned by experience that every precious stone they give to them is doomed to be stolen. A royal present to a lady artiste which does not get stolen has missed its object, and cases have indeed occurred where presents were stolen which were never given. The thieves belonging to the latter category are most favoured by the impressario. According to a rough estimate which a statistician has made concerning thefts of jewels from lady artistes, jewels of the value of £15,000,000 have been stolen from singers during the last decade, and however greatly the abilities of the police of countries may differ in other respects, they are alike all the world over in never troubling the thieves who victimize prima donnas. But there remains one consolation to the friends of the fair singers, and that is, that however frequently they are robbed of their jewels they are still ornamented with the same amount of jewellery even directly after the theft has occurred.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

How Beach beat Hanlan.

The special cable account of the Hanlan Beach race on Tuesday says:—

Beach won as he pleased. The race was not for the championship, but for a stake of $2,500 a side. Beach retired from champion some months ago, and Kemp, who recently

There are two distinct laundries, one being used for the Mercer and Central Prison washing; the second being reserved for family and contract washing.

As we entered the ironing room the chatter of the busy workers ceased, and they bent over their tables in silence.

"Do you allow conversation in working hours?" I enquired of the matron.

"In this department, yes," she answered. "The girls are constantly moving, and their remarks must necessarily be made in a tone loud enough for me to hear. Therefore, we know it to be harmless. It is not the loud talking that troubles us, but that which is carried on in low tone and which may be good or evil but most likely the latter.

Then we descended to the refractory ward.

"What forms of punishment do you adopt?" I enquired.

"Deprivation of privileges, solitary confinement in light cells, dark cells, and in extreme cases the dungeon. No, we never resort to corporal punishment in any form."

I inspected the dark cells and dungeon, and found them to be clean, dry and dimly lit, furnished with a straw pallet and coverlet.

"The dungeon, with bread and water diet, will generally reduce the most refractory to obedience," said the attendant, "but we have rarely to resort to these expedients. Months may go by without one punishment, and this ward is often vacant for a long time."

Upon further enquiry I found that the women are locked in their cells at half-past seven each evening. From that hour until five or six in the morning they are free from any supervision beyond that exercised by an overworked watchwoman who makes her long rounds through the extensive building, and who cannot make more than a brief and hurried visit two or three times during the night.

These thirty-three inmates, each with their varied experience in deadly evil, with the restraints of the work room removed, and the freedom of night and darkness about them, have unlimited opportunity to exchange confidences of the worst description without check or rebuke. Is this a desirable thing?

But this is but a small defect compared with the fact that there is absolutely no classification of the inmates. They mingle freely in recreation hours, work together, eat together in one large, gloomy dining room and sleep in adjoining cells.

For vagrancy, larceny, and assault, drunkenness and prostitution of a greater or less degree, these women are sentenced to mingle together for a period of months or years.

Many are first offenders, guilty only of minor evil, sentenced mayhaps by some county judge at the request of an anxious father who desires the reformation of his erring child. Many others, alas, are hardened criminals who have lived a life of the vilest sin that womanhood can compass.

Numbers of the inmates are young girls yet in their early teens, others are elderly women who have spent all their lives in and out of prison.

What good influences can the earnest-hearted staff exert that will not be more than counteracted by the evil resulting from indiscriminate association?

In looking over the latest annual report of the Mercer Reformatory for a record of the number of re commitments—a record which I did not find—a few particulars attracted my attention which may be—which certainly ought to be—of interest to the general public.

The total expenditure for the year ending in September, 1887, was $29,783.40, or close upon $30,000. The net revenue $3,595.93. Therefore, the institution costs over $26,000 yearly, the average daily cost per inmate being 57.98 cents, or $4.05 per week.

poker party on an English steamer of which each member laid down each card with a new and distinct oath. The same poker party a short time afterwards sang hymns and psalms for two hours. Max O'Rell declares that he has met men in other countries who swore and also, he is glad to say, who sang hymns, but America alone produces men who do both with equal facility.

Execution by Electricity.

The New York State law which provides that after January 1st next all executions for murder shall be performed by the agency of electricity is like to bring about a difficulty which was not contemplated when the legislation was passed. It was taken for granted that the new mode of death would be painless, and that there would be no ghastly preparations to add to the agony of the criminal. The Legislature forgot to specify in what manner the death-dealing shock should be applied, and it became necessary to refer the matter to a committee of electromedical experts to suggest a mode of operation. The recommendation made by this committee involves a number of mysterious preliminaries which will, in many cases, inflict agony worse than death itself. The criminal is to be strapped down upon a table or to a chair, then a metal helment is to be placed on his head, and metal points are to be put in contact with various parts of his body, while warm water is to be applied to his hair and head. So protracted and complicated a method of preparing the criminal has aroused much discussion, and exciting strong opposition to the change in the law. Unless some more simple means of electric application can be devised, it is doubtful whether the new law will be carried out.

Was Far Abune the Moon.

One fine moonlight night a Kilmannock farmer setting homeward from Bonhill, where he had sat too long and drunk too deep, had reached the burn near his house. Attempting to cross it by the stepping-stones—to effect which in safety required daylight or a steadier head than John's was on that night—he missed one stone, and came down splash into the burn. Unable to raise himself beyond his hands and knees, he looked down into the clear water, in which the moon was reflected, while the water streamed from his hair. At last he began to shout to his wife, "Marget? Marget!" The good woman hearing his cry, ran out, exclaiming, —"Oh, John, my John! Is that you? Whaur are ye, John?" "Whaur am I?" he rejoined; "I dinna ken, but I see I'm far aboon the mune." It was the same man of whom it is told, that on a moonlight night on his way home, overcome by drink, he had fallen or lain down to rest by the roadside, and had fallen asleep with his feet in a running stream. Awaking after a while, with the impression that he had reached home, and was in bed, he shouted—"Marget, bring anither pair o' blankets to pit on ma feet, and blaw out that cawnel."

Why?

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's Nerviline the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

It is sad to note that the average Christmas stocking is longer than most purses.

Beach won as he pleased. The race was not for the championship, but for a stake of $2,500 a side. Beach retired from champion some months ago, and Kemp, who recently defeated Hanlan, is still champion.

To-day's race was arranged to give Hanlan a chance to win back some money he lost since he has been here, but he is more out of pocket than ever. A grand start was effected, the men striking water simultaneously, both going away at forty strokes to the minute and the pair rowed at a terrific rate. For the first 200 yards they kept with each other, but at the quarter-mile the pace moderated, Beach striking thirty-seven and Hanlan thirty-eight. Up Blaxland's point, which is a mile from the start, they kept close company, but thence Beach began to improve his position and, despite the Canadian's desperate efforts to hold him, not only secured the lead, but showed the way by a length passing Putney point, a mile and a half from commencement. On drawing clear, soon after leaving Gladesville, Beach sculled dead ahead, treating his opponent to a fair dose of backwash, Hanlan tiring rapidly. He maintained his advantage without much difficulty, ultimately winning very easily by about three lengths in 21. 15. It is reported that Hanlan will not go back to America but will go into business in Australia.

Caught Him Flirting.

They had just come out of a dime museum—a tall lank woman with knife-blade lips and an olive green complexion; the little old man with her was round-faced, blue-eyed and meek of manner. Hardly had they reached the pavement when the essence of vinegar hissed out:

"I seen ye, Abs'lom Kittson."

"Seen me what, Nancy?"

"Oh, I'd ask what! I tell ye I seen ye with my own livin' eyes!"

"Seen me what?"

"Seen you flurritin' with that tattoed woman. Oh, I did!"

"Good Lord, Nancy!"

"Oh, I seen you give her them peanuts. I seen ye!"

"Why Nance, I—"

"And I seen ye flurritin' with the fat woman. I seen ye give her the apple, Ab. Kittson."

"Why, Nance, I merely—"

"I had my eye on ye. I seen ye offer that albino gal a bite of your bolony sassinger, Ab. Kittson; an' I seen ye try to make up to that bearded woman—"

"Good land of—"

"Shet up, Ab. Kittson, or I'll go home! A flurritin with sich! Oh, I seen you, you mizzable big flirrut you!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Insult Added to Injury.

Irascible Old Gentleman—"Confound you sir! That's my corn you stepped on." Affable Stranger—"Excuse me, sir. I am deeply grieved at the result of my awkwardness, and I beg you will accept my sincerest apologies. But since you have introduced the subject, will you allow me to say that I have here a simple and inexpensive little article, which is positively warranted to cure any case of corns, bunions, or ingrow——"

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture: intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumours. It is equally efficacious in curing all skin diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

The Federation Question.

It is not the want of success of the appeal for federation which has produced the recent agitation in the ranks of opponents. On the contrary, it is the success of the enterprise and the practical steps recently taken to carry forward the work that has aroused this open antagonism. We would say to all loyal Methodists. Do not be disturbed by rumours about the alleged failure or obstruction of the movement. They are designed to create a feeling of doubt and uncertainty. With God's help we shall go steadily forward till we enter the new Victoria in the Queen's park to take our full share in moulding the intellectual life of this province. Let those who have subscribed arrange to pay their instalments as early as possible. The people of Toronto should now put forth a liberal and united effort to raise $50,000 additional to what they have promised.

ve in a Cottage.

"Chally," said Amarantha Jane, "I notice that your spirits recently seem to be bubbling over with happiness. I am glad to see it, but do tell me dear, what has caused it?" "I will," said Charley, as he encircled her waist and imprinted a kiss on her inviting lips. "You know for a while I was melancholy, blue as indigo—had no appetite, was bilious and dyspeptic, but the use of two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has brought me out and I am 'bright as a button.' I feel like a new man now, Jane, name the day soon; there is more of this medicine at the drug store."

When Tennessee was first split off from North Caroline in 1785 it was made into he State of Franklin.

Wine, Women and Song,"

but the greatest of these is, "women.' "Wine is a mocker," and song is good to "sooth the savage," but women respond to every active power and sentiment of the human mind when in good health. But when afflicted with disease you will find them tantalizing, coquettish, cross, and hard to please. For all "female complaints," sick headache, irregularities, nervousness, prolapsus and other displacements popularly known as "female weakness" and other diseases, peculiar to the sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the great world-famed remedy.

Prof. King will go to Europe in a balloon if sufficient funds can be raised. Do raise the money and let him go.

Don't Read This for $500.

For many years, through nearly every newspaper in the land, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, as any one can easily ascertain by proper enquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

Ostrich feather boas, from one o two yards in length, are utilized as that garnitures.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor :—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Resp'y, T. A. SLOCUM, 164 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.

Portieres and all curtains must have frequent shakings, or moths will be sure to lodge in their folds.

Diamond Dyes

Brilliant! Durable! Economical!

Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness None other are just as good. Beware of imitations, because they are made of cheap and inferior materials, and give poor, weak, crocky colors. To be sure of success, use only the DIAMOND DYES for coloring Dresses, Stockings, Yarns, Carpets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., &c. We warrant them to color more goods, package for package, than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond* and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed
} FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

At Druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free

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MONTREAL, P Q.

MONEY TO LOAN on Farms. Lowest Rates. No delay. Correspondence solicited. E. W. D. BUTLER, Financial Agt., 72 King-st. E., Toronto.
Established 1860.

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it. Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons GAIN rapidly while taking IT.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, Wasting Diseases of Children, and CHRONIC COUGHS.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

ALMA THE LEADING CANADIAN COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS
BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR AND SODA. FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE THE STRONGEST, PUREST AND BEST.

CANADA SHIPPING CO.—Beaver Line of Steamships, sailing weekly between Montreal and Liverpool. Saloon tickets, Montreal to Liverpool, $40, $50 and $60. Return tickets, $80, $90 and $110 according to steamer and accommodation Intermediate, $30; Round rip tickets, $60. Steerage, $20; Round trip tickets, $40. For further particulars and to secure births, apply to H. E. MURRAY, Genera. Manager, 1 Custom House Square, Montreal, or to the Local Agents in the different Towns and Cities.

LADIES' Dress and Mantle Cutting by new and improved

TAILORS' SQUARE.

Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF. SMITH, 349½ Queen St. W., Toronto. Agents Wanted.

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FOR CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

M'CAUSLAND & SON,

76 King St. W., Toronto.

Brown Engines

IRON AND STEEL BOILERS ANY SIZE.

TORONTO ENGINE WORKS, PRINCESS AND FRONT STS.

J. Perkins & Co. - Toronto.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

Don't wait until you are burnt out or robbed. Buy a Safe now and sleep easy, and be sure and get prices, etc., of the new New Champion Safe.

S. S. KIMBALL,

577 Craig St., P. O. Box 945, MONTREAL, P. Q.

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EVERY **MUSIC TEACHER** in Canada to send for our

SPECIAL CATALOGUES of Sheet Music and Music Books,

WE SELL CHEAPER than any other house in the trade. Manufacturers of Band Instruments and Dealers in all kinds of Musical Merchandise.

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Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for

P. O. address. Resp'y, T. A. SLOCUM, 164 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.

Portieres and all curtains must have frequent shakings, or moths will be sure to lodge in their folds.

SEVERAL HOURS continuous burning these long nights tests the best coil oil, wicks get charred, chimneys smoked and light grows dim. To avoid this ask dealers for, and be sure they give you the genuine CARBON SAFETY OIL.

An "eight-footed horse' was billed as an attraction at the Custer county, Dakota, fair.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

The Bell Telephone monopoly must defend itself in the United States Circuit Court of Boston.

A. P. 428

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KNITTING Creelman Bros., Georgetown, Ont. **MACHINES**

CANOES. Send for Ill. Catalogue. WM. ENGLISH, Peterboro, Ont.

CANCER and Tumors CURED; no knife; book free. DRS. MCMICHAEL, No. 63 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

CANCER, TUMORS, ULCERS, SCROFULA, etc., cured permanently without the knife. Apply to DR. W. L. SMITH, 124 Queen Street E, Toronto.

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"THE DANDY" PATENT BAGHOLDER, which every farmer wants now, costs only 75 cts., and if there is no local agent, may be obtained (free by express or mail), on sending price to C. W. ALLEN & CO., World Building, Toronto.

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TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL.—Gentlemen desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of garment cutting should visit us. Scientific and reliable systems taught whereby perfect fitting garments are produced. Circular with full information on application, S. CORRIGAN, Prop, 122 Yonge st., Toronto.

YOU MAY HAVE ONE!!

Send name and address, and 10c. for postage and packing by Mail a HANDSOME SILK HANDKERCHIEF and The Magic Needle! Astonishes everyone! Address, Whiton Novelty Co., Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Public Library Buildings, Toronto. Students from British Columbia, California, Kansas, Illinois, and quite a number of other States and Provinces, now in attendance. Write for Descriptive Circulars.

THOS. BENGOUGH, President. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Sec'y & Manager.

"BEAUTIFUL STORY" AND GOLDEN GEMS of Religious Thought, by J. W. Buel and T. De Wit Talmage, D.D.; beautiful illustrations, colored and plain; handsomely bound; large quarto book; plain type and just such a book that takes the eye at a glance; terms to agents extra liberal. WILLIAM BRIGGS, ublisher, Toronto.

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and CHRONIC COUGHS.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

ALMA, THE LEADING CANADIAN COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN. **St. Thomas, - Ont**

Seventeen graduates and certificated teachers in the Faculty. Nearly 200 students last year. Graduating courses in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Elocution. Low rates, good board and thorough work. McLaughlin Hall, costing $20,000 now open. Elegant Dormitories for 60 more students. Addre s PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B.D.

LADIES, LOOK:

BERLIN WOOLS, all colors, 8c per oz.

SHETLAND AND ANDALUSIAN WOOLS, 8c per oz.; Saxony Wool, all colors, 10c per skein; Ice Wool, best quality, 10c per ball; Embroidery Silk, every shade 10c dozen skeins; Arrasene, all colors, 30c dozen skeins; Filoselle, best quality, 48c and 85c dozen skeins; Macrame Cord, 15 colors, 10c ball; Felt, extra quality, 2 yards wide, $1.00 per yard; Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 45c yard; Always on hand newest materials for fancy work, at lowest prices. Letter orders have prompt and careful attention. Goods can be sent to any part of Canada by post. Write for price list. A trial solicited. HENRY DAVIS; Importer, 232 Yonge Street, Toronto. Please mention this paper

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Are You Bald. Is Your Hair Gray

Falling Out, Try Dr. Dorenwend's

GREAT GERMAN

HAIR A. DORENWEND TRADE MARK PARIS HAIR WORKS **MAGIC.**

It is the finest Hair Tonic in the world.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. Try it. It will make your hair grow thick and strong. For sale by all druggists everywhere, or send direct to the manufacturer enclosing the amount.

A. DORENWEND, PARIS HAIR WORKS,

103 and 105 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.

TRY THE CELEBRATED

EMPIRE BLEND COFFEE,

Guaranteed Pure.

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CANADA PERMANENT

Loan & Savings Company

INCORPORATED 1855.

Head Office: Toronto St., Toronto.

Subscribed Capital	$ 4,560,000
Paid Up Capital	2,560,000
Total Assets	10,000,000

The enlarged capital and resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities it has recently acquired for supplying land owners with cheap money, enable the Directors to meet with promptness and at the lowest current rate of interest all requirements for loans upon satisfactory real estate security.

Application may be made to either of the Company's local Appraisers, or to

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Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N.F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter to and from Halifax Portland, Boston and Philadelphia and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

For freight, passage or other information apply A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, Nfld., Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allen & Co., Chicago Love & Alden, New York; H. Borulier, Toronto Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brookie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen Portland, Boston, Montreal.

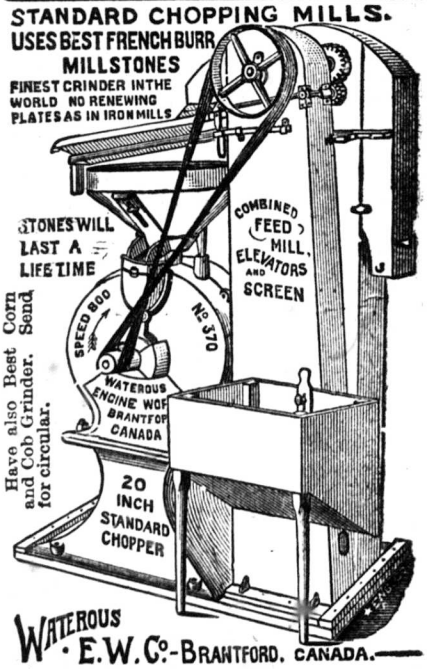
We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When Breadmaker's Yeast *is the subject before us—*
Mamma tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best, [lightest,
'Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the
And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us.

BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.

STANDARD CHOPPING MILLS.

USES BEST FRENCH BURR MILLSTONES

FINEST GRINDER IN THE WORLD NO RENEWING PLATES AS IN IRON MILLS



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Use Hop Bitters.

Cure All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidney, Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness. Female Complaints, DRUNKENESS. ☛ **1,000 Reward paid for a case they will not cure.**

The Downey Co.

Keep constantly on hand, for sale at lowest prices, the

GENUINE SCRANTON COAL.

also Blossburgh and soft coals

Hard and soft wood, cut and split, or uncut, delivered to any part of the town.

HAY,

direct from eastern townships

Good Quality, Low Price,

Cracked Feed, Corn Meal, Bran, Shorts, Hen Feed, Oats Rye, Wheat, Corn, Timothy and Clover, Salt etc. Try our

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flour. Cash paid for all kinds of grain. Storehouse open the year round. Always in the market for grain. A call solicited.

THE DOWNEY CO.

Office, yard and storehouse, foot Centre-st.
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OH, OH, OH!

That is what people say when they see Madden's stock of

XMAS GOODS!

No such display has ever been seen in Napanee. Elegant Plush Dressing Cases, with Comb, Brush and Mirror, from $1.50 to $25. Our $25 case is worth walking miles to see, to say nothing of the grand music it discourses. Draw out the jewel apartment, and soul-stirring melodies will keep you company.

In Books, such as Dickens, Elliot, Haggard, Jules Vern, Macaulay, etc., our prices cannot be beaten. Dante's Inferno, cheaper than ever. We are allowing Libraries and Schools 30 per cent. off on books. Elegant bound Poets, Hymns, Ancient and Modern Catholic Prayers, Methodist Hymns, and Family and Pocket Bibles in endless variety and price.

Oil Paintings from $1 upwards. Ladies' Purses, Hand Satchels, Leather Valises, Leather Cuffs and Collars, Boxes, Games, Dolls, Drums, Picture Books, Animals, etc., at tremendously low prices. Don't buy without calling at Madden's. It costs nothing to look, and you will not be pressed to buy—so drop in and see us. Remember

Madden's Bookstore

is now in the Grange Block.

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1888

Marriage Licenses

Issued by Ogden Hinch, at Cheapside,(application strictly private and confidential.) 2288ly

Chas. Lane,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Front of Grammar School, Bridge Street, Napanee. 2288ly

S. Warner,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Residence next door to Dr Cook. Office, Warner block, Napanee. 4588z

R H Peters.

Auctioneer, Commissione Issuer of Marriage Licenses, etc., Enterprise. 4888ly

—Try SPENCER'S tea, 4 lbs for $1.

—Plush cases from $1.50 to $25 at Madden's

—The best hardwood bedstead for $2.50 at GIBBARD'S.

—Handsome plush odor stands, only 60 cts, at Gallagher's,

—For that genuine English breakfast bacon you must go to H. R. SPENCER'S.

—You can buy a good hardwood side board at GIBBARD'S for $7.50 with glass back.

—Platform and counter scales for house and farm use, best in quality, low in price, at R. G. Wright's.

—You can get a packet of 6 Christmas cards for 5 cents at the 7 cent store.

—Teachers, buy your prizes at Gallagher's He gives a very liberal discount.

—A. S. Kimmorly sells 2 lbs fine mixed candy for 25 cents.

—Peerless machine oil, axle grease, leather an rubber belting, lacel eather, copperine babbi metal, asbestos, rubber, hemp, and soap ston packing, and all other threshers' supplies, a bottom prices at R G Wright's.

—See Madden's grand display of Xmas goods.

—A large stock of Agateware just received at R. G. Wright's.

—GIBBARD has the cheapest parlor setts ever offered. You should see them.

—Now is your time. Don't delay calling Madden's bookstore for your Xmas presents.

—The 7 cent store is leading in cheap goods for Christmas presents. Call and be convinced that we down them all.

—Gallagher beats the world for bargains in china cups and fancy vases, Store open every vening till 9 o'clock.

—J. GIBBARD & SON have just manufacture the finest hardwood bedroom sets ever produce in Canada for $15 per sett, consisting of bedstead bureau and enclosed washstand. You should see them before buying.

—An immense variety of gift books, bibles, hymns, Xmas cards and booklets at Gallagher's.

—The most delicious sugar cured hams at SPENCER'S

—Gallagher's stock o toys is the largest and his prices the lowest.

—The cheapest toys are to be found at Vance's 7 cent store, west of the Campbell House.

—Don't fail to see that $15 bedroom sett, all hardwood and extra finished, at GIBBARD'S.

—Everybody is talking about Gallagher's new goods and low prices. Call and see for yourself,

—All bedroom setts sold by GIBBARD & SON have good true looking-glasses. We use no cheap trash that makes your face look as though you had lost the best friend on earth.

—Handsome gift books, very cheap,at Madden's

—All the latest novelties in Xmas goods, cheap, at Madden's.

—Select your Xmas presents now at Madden's

—Dickens, Eliot, Vern, Swift, Schiller, in sets, cheap, at Madden's.

—Another of Hulett's attractions this week is a very fine picture of Uriah Wilson, M. P., which is on exhibition in Perry & Co's. window. It is true to nature and reflects much credit upon the artist. Hulett does not have to send his work out of town to be executed but does it on the premises. Call and see other specimens.

Use GRANGE'S COUGH-NOT

—Grinding every day at Close's Mill.
JAS. A. CLOSE. 4888d

—Contractor Babcock has finished the John-street sewer, to the satisfaction we understand of all parties.

—Mr. H. W. Adams, the well known American horse buyer, will be at the Brisco house on Saturday next, Dec. 29th, for the purchase of good horses.

—The N. T. & Q. Ry., will run a special excursion train to Napanee on New Year's day. Hours and fares will be found in the advertisement given elsewhere.

—Oranges, lemons, grapes, cranberries, figs, dates, confectionery, groceries, all kinds of canned goods, fish and oysters at lowest living prices at Bruton's.

—Dr. Leonard has removed from Dundas st. otthe Downey residence, between Mr. M. W. Pruyn's and Dr. Clark's late residence, on John-st. 5188atf

—Men's ready-mads suits and Overcoats cheap at Robinson & Co's.

—A well written piece of poety on Hogamany ; account of a presentation to Rev. D. S. Houck ot Camden East and another to Miss Waller at Little Creek, as well as some other matter, we are forced to hold over for next week.

—On our first page will be found an advertisement announcing the sale of the household furniture of Mrs. Mills, who is about moving to California. The furniture can be seen on application at the residence of Mr. W. S. Williams, Thomas-st.

—There is a good chance for some active and trusty men to secure paying work at once by engaging with Jas E. Whitney, nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y., to sell his warranted nursery stock. He furnishes outht free and the work is steady. Experience is not required. 4388m

—We had this year a green Christmas certainly. During Monday night it commenced to rain and continued more or less all day Tuesday. As a consequence it was a dull Christmas, the people not having the heart to take their accustomed part in the festivities usual at this season of year.

On Friday last, the grist and saw mill of Mr. J. B. Gordon, (known as the Rathbun water mill,) at Kingsford, was totally distroyed by fire. Mr. Gordon, and others had been engaged all morning in the mill and at noon proceeded to the residence for dinner. While there the alarm was given, and by the time they reached the mill all was in flames. Just how it caught is not known, but it is supposed from a defective pipe. The loss will be about $6,000. Insured for $2,500. With commendable energy Mr. Gordon has already commenced operations towards rebuilding.

—On Wednesday the nomination of trustees took place in town. In the West Ward Mr. D. H. Preston was re-elected for another term, as also was Mr. A. L. Morden in the Centre Ward. For the latter ward Mr. A. W. Grange was elected by acclamation to fill the unexpired term of J. A. Sexsmith, resigned. In the East Ward there is to be a contest, Mr. Geo. Mills having been nominated in opposition to Mr. Wm. Templeton, whose termed has just expired. We hope the electors will show their good judgment by again returning Mr. Templeton and thus keep our efficient school board intact.

—This week Mr. T. B. Lund, of Newburgh, is moving over to the Vandebogart farm, which he has engaged to manage for Mr. Gibson, of Napanee. Mr. Lund is expecting friends out from the old country with a consignment of entire horses(expected to be English shires.) It is the intention to try to establish an import trade in pure bred horses from the United Kingdom. They will be

is now in the Grange Block. | Use GRANGE'S COUGH-NOT

SPECIALTIES!

Robinson & Co

(SUCCESSORS TO DOWNEY & CO)

Beg to call your attention to their Special Bargains for the Holiday Season

Mantle Plushes worth $6 for 3.00 per yard
Silk Sealettes worth $15 for 11.35 ; worth 10.00 for 7.25
Black Silks worth $1.60 for 1.07 per yard.
Blac Henriettas worth $1.60 tor 1.15 per yard
Wool Cashmeres, all colors, worth 50c for 30 per yard
50 dozen Silk Handkerchiefs from 25 cents up
Gents' Ties from 20c up Fur Boas of all kinds
50 dozen Linen Handkerchiefs cheap.
Persian Lamb Caps worth $9.00 at 7.00 ; worth 6.00 at 4.00 , worth 4·00 at 3.00
Boys' Nutria Caps worth 2.50 at 1.75

Millinery Goods of Every Description at Cost

MISS SMITH, Milliner

We make a specialty of Mens' Fine Ordered Clothing

JAMES WALTERS, Cutter.

We make a Specialty of Boys' Clothing

For Ladies' Mantles and Costumes

WE CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

Every garment guaranteed satisfactory Our Specialty—Cheapness and good quality combined.

Our bargains must be seen to be appreciated. We want your custom. Try us and you will find that square dealing goes with every transaction.

ROBINSON & CO'Y,

SUCCESSORS TO DOWNEY & CO.

a consignment of entire horses(expected to be English shires.) It is the intention to try to establish an import trade in pure bred horses from the United Kingdom. They will be in direct connection with a gentleman who has had large experience in exporting English shires to the state of Iowa. Nothing but first-class registered stock will be handled by them. Parties wishing to deal may place the utmost confidence in them.

—Boys ready-made suits andover coats cheap at Robinson and Co's.

—Last week search warrants were issued and a raid made upon the hotels of Mrs. Wycott and Jno Babcock, of Odessa. The result wasthat at the former place five packages containing six bottlesofliquor and some beer were found. The packages were very ingeniously done up, to appear as though they were parcels of dry goods. At Babcock's whiskey and beer was also found. Both appeared before the Police Magistrate on two charges, that of keeping and selling liquor contrary to the Scott Act. Babcock's case was adjourned until tnis morning at 10 o'clock and Mrs. Wycott's for a week,and awarrant asked for her arrest.—On Tuesday Jas. McAvoy, of the Rankin House, was up for a first offence. The case was adjourned until 10 o'clock this morning.

--If there was a happy man in town on Wednesday morning it was Mr. H. V. Fralick, superintendent of the Western Methodist Sabbath School The evening previous, Christmas night, the annual Christmas gathering was held, and proved a decided success, much to his credit and that of his coadjutors.—Mr. and Mrs. Paul, Misses Shipman, Miss Marie Tilley and J. C. Drewry. Mr. Paul had charge of the training of the school for the choruses, Miss Shipman the primary class and Miss Tilley the wand exercise and kindergarten songs and each worked with a determination to make it a success and succeeded admirably. At about six o'clock the school assembled in the basement and were given a feast. Tables were set the full length of the room. The centre, and a short one across the top, was fitted up for the primary class, the chairs from the classroom being used. It was an exceedingly happy sight to see the little ones seated round the low tables enjoying the good things provided by the teachers and friends. Tea over the children marched upstairs and seated themselves in the centre seats of the church, some of the larger scholars at the top of each of the side seats. The remaining seats and gallery were occupied by those not members of the school who had assembled to enjoy the treat. The programme consisted of fourteen selections, the little ones acquitting themselves exceedingly well. From the opening to the close there was not the slightest hitch to mar the enjoyment. The song "Clap your Hands for joy" by the primary class ; the wand exercise and the kindergarten songs were highly appreciated. The piece that brought down the house was the recitation by Emma Downer, a little girl of six summers, who recited the most natural we have ever heard. During the evening the superintenant gave a short report, showing that the school was in a flourishing condition, the average attendance for 1888 being 299, an increase of 50 over the former year. The proceeds amounted to over $45, and this in addition to free admission to all members of the school. Before the distribution of the "fruit" Mrs. Freeman Lane was called to the platform and on behalf of her class presented with nicely bound copies of Scott and Byron's poetical works. The presentation was made by Wm. Vandewaters and a suitable address, (which we will give next issue,) read by Chas. Stevens. Leonard, who pumps the church organ, was remembered ; he was presented with a fur cap and muffler.

—The Board of Health met on Monday night last and closed up the year's business by passing a few accounts.

—Report of promotion examination held at S. S. No. 12, Richmond. R. R. Lennox and Wm. J. Taylor, Examiners.—Highest possible marks 255, half to pass.

Olive Provins,	No. 3	Richmond.....	175
Bata Sills,	No. 12	"	164
Wm. Bowen	No. 3,	"	202
Millard Groom,	No. 3.	"	181
Jno. Cline,	No. 12	"	201
Andrew Kitchen	No. 3,	"	190

—On Monday last the nomination of municipal candidates took place at Amherst Island under a special law which favors island municipalities. The candidates are: For reeve—Robert Filson, ex-reeve; Robert Patterson, the present reeve For councillors—William Allen, R. Roden Burleigh, Robert Fleming, Wm. Fleming, Thomas Hill, Charles M. Howard, Alex. McKee, David Reid.

—Peck & Freeman's mammoth spectacular Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. appear at the opera house this (Friday) evening: This company have been playing to crowded houses in the lower provinces for some time and are now making a tour through Ontario. The Recorder of Fredericton N. B., in speaking of their appearance there says "they gave the best performance ever witnessed here, and will receive an overflowing house should they return at any time." Plan of hall at J. J. Perry's.

—Thursday night of last week the most successful bible society meeting ever held in Napanee took place in the Western Methodist church. It was presided over by His Honor Judge Wilkison, who in opening the meeting made an admirable address. There was a very good turnout, showing that the townspeople take quite an interest in the work performed by this organization. Able addresses were delivered by Revs. Messrs. Baker, Young and Chambers. A more extended report will be given next week.

—Promotion to 4th class, Napanee public Schools: West ward, Beatrice Deroche; Lulu Embury; Evelyn Fraser; Winnie Moore; Horeuce Oneill; Emma Robinson; Louis Fraser; David Hamilton; Allan Preston; Alfred Richardson; Perry Schryver; Fred W. Scott; Harry Trumpour; Walter Vanalstine. East Ward, Calder Fletcher; Herbert Collier; George Degroff; Hammel Deroche; Richard Gannon; George Gorden; Hartley Lapum: Harry Scott; Laura Close; Blanche Hill; Maggie McGoun; Winnie Templeton.

—The Rev. E. Dewart Lewis, District Deputy for this County for the Royal Templars of Temperance, has arranged for a series of meetings to be held in Napanee beginning on January 3rd. The aim is "to unite all Christian Temperance people in an effort, to bring encouragement, arouse enthuiasm, and promote the interest of the the temperance cause." The meetings will be conducted by Messrs Dunnett & Stafford of Hamilton, who were so successful recently in Deseronto. As an earnest and effective speaker, Mr. Dunnett, the leader, has a wide reputation. The singing is also attractive.

—On the 11th of next month the citizens of Napanee will enjoy a treat, in the shape of an entertainment by the Hungarian Gipsy Band. They cannot be too highly spoken of as will be seen by the following from the Toronto Mail of Sep. 22nd: The Hungarian Gipsy Band, which has been delighting thousands of people at the Industrial Fair, gave a free concert at the Permanent Exhibition, under the auspices of the Press Club. Their fascinating and original performance gave extreme pleasure to those present. In their selections of Hungarian music the fire and abandon of their playing and the bizarre effects had a strangely exciting facination for their auditors. This was especially the

gramme for the evening entertainment on the 16th Jan; also to attend to printing and advertising.

Messrs Doller and Bogart were instructed to wait on the county council and secure the annual grant of $25.

The meeting adjourned to the 16th of January at 10 a. m.

M. BOGART, Sec.

The Municipal Elections.

As the time for nominating candidates to fill the respective offices of mayor, reeve, deputy-reeve and councillors approaches, Dame Rumor is more lively than ever. There is quite a list of names mentioned in connection with the respective offices; who will and who will not stand we are not in a position to state, most of those whose names are mentioned being undecided as to their course. Next Monday the nomination takes place.

At 10 o'clock a. m. the mayor, reeve, and deputy-reeve, will be nominated at the town hall; Philip Embury being returning officer.

For East Ward councillors the nomination will be held at the shop of Mr. Jno. Fennell, at 12 o'clock noon; Jas. Perry returning officer.

Centre Ward nomination takes place at the town hall at the same hour. S. R. Miller, presiding.

Jas. McCoy will act as returning officer for the West Ward. The nomination will be held at the office of the Cement Works.

Western Methodist Church Anniversary.

A very pleasant gathering took place in the Western Methodist Church on Monday evening of last week, the occasion being the annual meeting of the congregation, at which reports of the different departments of the church work were given.

After singing and prayer, the pastor in his report said that the attendance at the class and prayer services had largely increased during the year, but the point to be noticed particularly was the internal growth of the church.

The president of the Young People's Association gave a most satisfactory report of the year's work, stating that the society never was larger nor more enthusiastic. The report was received and a motion passed expressing the thanks of the congregation for the work done.

After a selection from the choir, the superintendent of the Sunday School, H. V. Fralick, Esq, gave a verbal report of the growth of the school during the year. The average attendance had increased from 240 to 299, while the collection averaged over $4 a Sunday. Mr. Fralick, and the teachers and officers of the Sunday School, received a hearty vote of thanks from the congregation.

After another selection by the choir, some members of the congregation indulged in very complimentary remarks towards that body.

The Recording Steward and treasurer of the church, A. L. Morden, Esq., gave a very elaborate report of the finances, showing a marked increase in all of the funds of the church. That part of the treasurer's report dealing with the parsonage and repair fund was most gratifying. $4,000 had been subscribed, payable in two annual instalments. The expenditure was in the neighborhood of $5,000; of this amount $2394.00 had already been paid in being the first half of the subscriptions and the balance coming from other sources. Mr. Morden received a hearty vote of thanks for the report presented, it being evident that the congregation realized that the success achieved during the year was in no small measure due to the untiring energy of the treasurer.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! TO ALL

In wishing all our friends and customers a Happy and Prosperous New Year, we may just mention that our Protection Sale has been a grand success, and we have got our stock in finer shape than ever before at this season of the year.

Of course we still have a fine assortment of Winter Goods, which must be cleared out to make room for our early spring shipments, part of which are now on the road.

We are offering clearing prices on all kinds of Winter Goods, as balance of stock of Dress Goods, Tweeds, Mantle Cloths, Blankets, Flannels, Fancy Woolens, Clouds, etc., must be cleared out, and we are offering them at prices that will clear them out quickly.

Our Stock of Furs

is badly demoralized. What we still have are A No. 1 goods, and we are bound to clear out every dollar's worth, if possible. Cost is not taken into consideration. No reasonable offer refused.

In our Millinery Department

strange as it may appear, we are just as

Their fascinating and original performance gave extreme pleasure to those present. In their selections of Hungarian music the fire and abandon of their playing and the bizarre effects had a strangely exciting facination for their auditors. This was especially the case in their playing of the celebrated Racocey march. Plan of hall open at J. J. Perry's on Saturday.

—The annual Christmas gathering of the Eastern Methodist Sabbath School was held on Christmas night. There was a very fair attendance, though not as large as the entertainment called for. The cantata "Christmas Eve" was given by 100 voices, under the leadership of Mr. L. H. Bennett, who took considerable pains in training the children. Solos were nicely rendered by Ruby Chambers, Juanita Chambers, Lousie Daly and Eddie Knight; duets by Charlie Wilson and Melville Nixon, Carrie Williams and May Ward. Allen Davis as father Christmas delighted the audience. Myrtle Kennedy's rendition of kindergarten songs was excellent. Recitations were given by Jas Henry, Clarence Warner and Eddie Grange, and an address by Rev. A. B. Chambers. Confectionery, candies, Xmas cards, golden text rolls and pocket lessons for 1889 were distributed. Special presentations were made to Mrs. T. W. Casey and Miss Chambers by their respect ve classes. Proceeds $50.

Farmers' Institute.

NAPANEE, Dec. 15th 1888.

A meeting of the Lennox Farmers' Institute was held in the council chamber, the vice-president, A. J. Dunbar, in the chair.

After reading and adopting the minutes of the last meeting, the following communication, from R. N. Switzer, in reply to the resolution tendered him at last meeting, was read:

To the members of the Lennox Farmers' Institute:

Honored and Dear Sirs,—I beg to say in reply to your sympathetic address that I fully appreciate the very kind sentiments you are pleased to express, and desire to assure you that I am deeply grateful to have secured your confidence and esteem. You will readily believe that it is a great trial to me to be compelled to sever my connection with the scenes and relationship of early life and I assure you it is no small trial for me to resign my membership in your association and give up the active pursuit of agriculture in this, my native county. It is true I have endeavored in an unpretentious way to improve the live stock of this county, but I have been one of many farmers who have made a noble effort to improve the breed of our stock. Though I propose going from Ontario I shall ever cherish a warm interest in your welfare, and you will allow me to say that it is very desirable that the meetings of the Farmers' Institute should be more generally and regularly attended. I may have been as blame worthy as any other but if by some means the farmers generally could be induced to share in the business of the Institutes, it would more truly accomplish the purpose of its existence. Again thanking you for your kind wishes, I remain faithfully yours.

R. N. SWITZER.

Switzerville, Dec. 3, 1888.

A communication from the Agricultural College, giving notice that the 16th of January was the date fixed at which one or more of the professors would be present and deliver addresses on the following subjects, selected out of a number of subjects by the institute; said meeting to commence at 10 a. m. and continue throughout the day and evening.

Prof F. C. Greenside, V. S., day subjects, "Hereditary Diseases of the Horse" and "Horse Breeding in Ontario"; evening, "Disease Germs," of special interest to the people of the town.

D. Nicols, Esq., day subjects "Over Cropping, the Folly of It," and "Rotation of Crops"; evening, "Advice to Young Farmers,"

Mr. Allen Pringle, of Richmond, was requested to prepare a paper on the benefits and advantages of the silo and ensilage.

Messrs Dunbar, Doller and Bogart were appointed a committee to prepare a pro-

Morden received a hearty vote of thanks for the report presented, it being evident that the congregation realized that the success achieved during the year was in no small measure due to the untiring energy of the treasurer.

The pastor and congregation have reason to feel gratified at the years work. Much good has been done; both congregation and Sunday School have increased, the membership has been built up and the people feel that their efforts are being owned of God.

Grand Results.

For several years R. H. Brown, of Kincardine, suffered from dyspepsia, he says he tried several physicians and a host of remedies without relief. His druggist recommended B. B. B. which he declares produced "grand results," for which he gives it his highest recommendation.

MARRIED.

ANDERSON—SOLMES.—On Dec 19th, at the residence of W. N. Doller, Esq. Dundas-St., by the Rev. E. N. Baker, A. Anderson, to Hester Solmes, both of Deseronto.

MILLER—NICHOLSON.—By Rev H. I. Allen, at the home of the bride, on Dec 19, Mr Thomas A. Miller to Miss Alice M. Nicholson, both of Ernesttown.

KEECH—KEECH.—By the Rev. E. E. Howard at the parsonage, South Napanee, Dec 22nd, V. Keech, Esq., of North Fredericksburgh, and Mrs. S. Keech, of Camden.

YERX.—SILLS.—On December 24th, at the residence of W. N. Doller, Esq., by Rev E. N. Baker, B. D., Jonathan Yerx, of Picton, to Willinna Sills, of Richmond.

BROWN—KELLER.—At the Methodist parsonage, Newburgh, by the Rev John J. Leach, Ph. B., on Christmas day, 1888, Mr J. H. Brown, of Moscow, to Miss Mary Alice Keller, of Camden.

CUTHILL—HOWELL.—At the parsonage, south Napanee, Dec. 26th, by the Rev. E. E. Howard, Mr James Cuthill and Miss Josephine, youngest daughter of Paul Howell, Esq., both of North Fredericksburgh.

DIED.

WEESE.—At Adolphustown, on Dec. 15th, Edward Weese, aged about 12 years.

JANES.—In Richmond, on Dec. 16th, Henry Janes, son of of Mr. Thos Janes, aged 1 year and 1 month.

BROWN.—In Napanee, on Dec. 18th, Albert Brown, aged 32 years and 4 months.

MILLER.—In Ernesttown, on Dec. 20, Leroy P. Miller, only child of Mr Jas Miller, aged 5 years and 20 days.

PARKS.—In North Fredericksburgh, on Dec. 20, Mrs Matilda Parks, aged 58 years and 10 months

BAKER.—In Richmond, on Dec. 23rd, William Baker, aged 79 years, 5 months and 17 days.

BUTLAND.—In South Fredericksburgh, on Dec 23rd, James Butland, aged 88 years.

BOGART.—At Gosport, on Monday, Dec. 24th, 1888, Lewis Lazier Bogart, aged 84 years, 11 months and 6 days.

In A Dreadful Condition.

Hattie E. Manthorn, of Mill Village, Ont. says, "My cough was dreadful, I could not sleep at nights on account of it, but when I used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam I had rest and was quickly cured." All druggists sell this invaluable cough remedy.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in hi hands by an East India missionary the formula o ta simple vegetab e remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis Catarrh, asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with name, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 149 *Powers' Block Rochester* N Y.

First-class rigs. Reasonable rates.
Special attention to Commercial Men.

R. H. POTTER'S,

(Formerly Potter & Williams)

LIVERY, SALE AND BOARDING STABLE

East of the Brisco House, Dundas-st,, Napanee

In our Millinery Department

strange as it may appear, we are just as busy as ever. No dull season. Stock always well assorted. Balance of Winter Goods to be cleared out cheap, as Mrs. Doxsee is already selecting Spring Goods.

Early Spring Goods.

We are already in receipt of a few shipments of early spring staples, consisting of

Grey & White Cottons,

Sheetings, Tablings,

Cotton Tweeds and Shirtings.

As there is a decided drop in prices as compared with last fall's purchases, customers will do well to examine our prices on these goods before purchasing, as they are considerably below last season's Cost Price.

REMNANTS.

We have a large accumulation of Remnants of all kinds, which we are offering at about half price.

HOOPER & DOXSEE,

The Leading Millinery House.

We have twice requested the immediate payment of all accounts. We must now insist on all accounts being at once paid. We have waited very patiently, and trust now our friends will respond at once, as at this season of the year every account must be paid.

HOOPER & DOXSEE.